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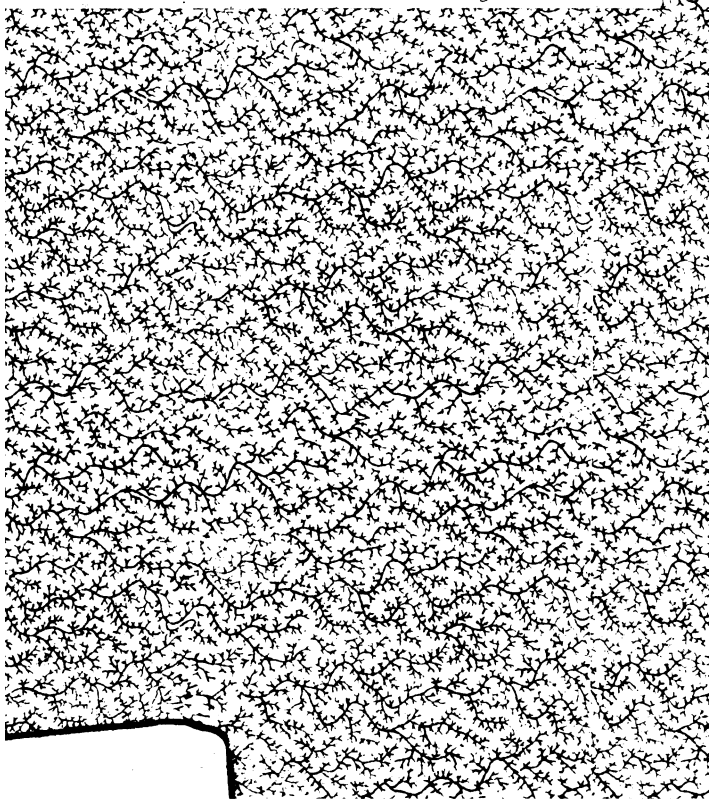

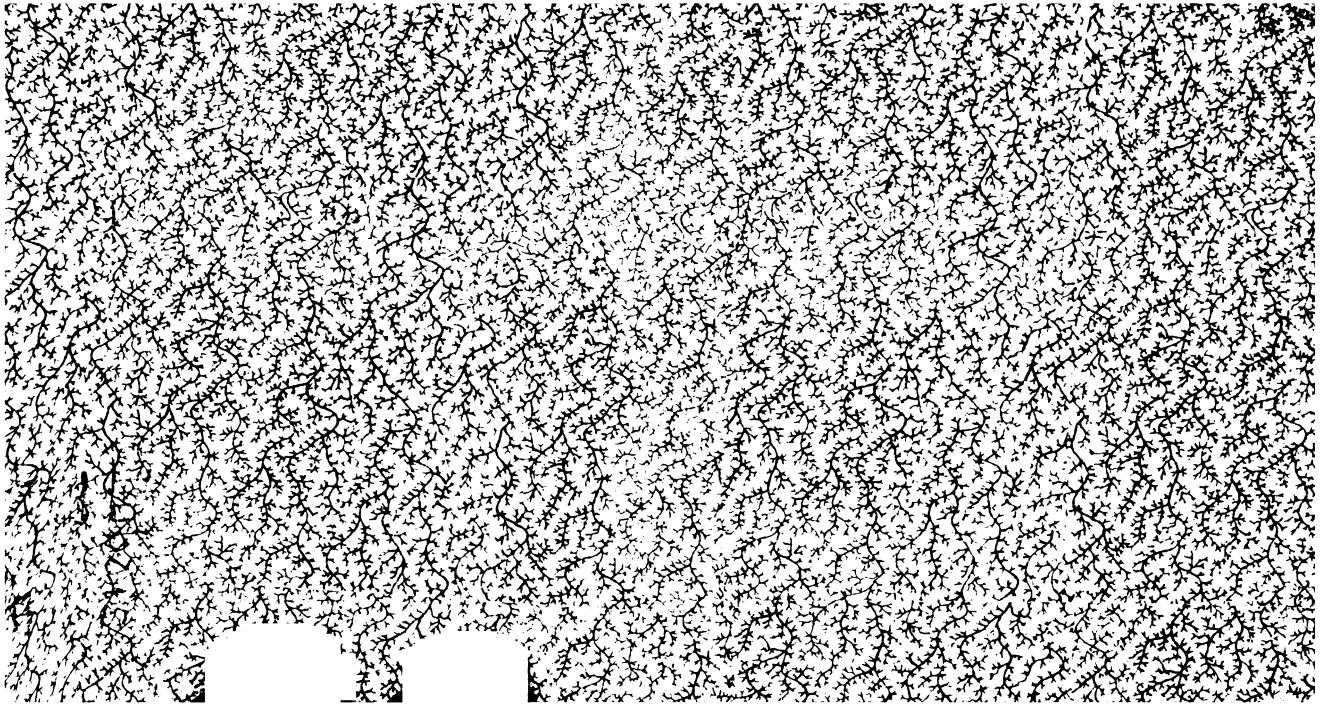

MY POCKET BOOK;

OR

HINTS

FOR

"*A Ryghte Merrie and Conceitede*" Tour,

IN QUARTO;

To be called,

"THE STRANGER IN IRELAN D,

In 1805.

BY A KNIGHT ERRANT.

Animæ quales neque candidiores
Terra tulit, neque queis me sit devinctior alter.
Motto for 4to: from Horace.

Ne'er Woman, Child, nor full grown trav'lling Man did
See Land that sprouted *Souls* so meek and *candid:*
Baltic and *France* not *more* my love exacted,
For just from each *one Quarto* I've extracted!

NEW-YORK:
PRINTED FOR EZRA SARGEANT,
No. 39 WALL-STREET,
OPPOSITE THE BRANCH-BANK.

1807.

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BY THE AMERICAN EDITOR.

IT is with real delight, that the Editor offers to the American Public this little book, which is replete with genius, wit, and humour. Whoever has attentively examined those writings of Mr. Canning, the present Secretary for Foreign Affairs to his Britannic Majesty, which are universally attributed to, and not denied by him, as their Author, in the *Anti-jacobin* or Weekly Examiner, a paper, which was conducted chiefly by the present Lord Grenville, and Mr. Canning; and whoever is, also, acquainted with Mr. Canning's mode of Parliamentary speaking, in the British House of Commons, will be forcibly struck with the very strong resemblance which the keen irony, and solemn, cutting sarcasm, of this little book, bear to Mr. Canning's style and manner, when he chooses to cover his opponents with ridicule and contempt.

Neither will our own countrymen receive this publication with the less courtesy and kindness, when they are informed that in spirit, and taste, and wit, and genius, it very much resembles the effusions of *Salmagundi*, with which we are all so highly delighted.

In justice, however, to Sir John Carr, at whose *Stranger in Ireland* this *Pocket-Book* laughs so unmercifully, it must be remembered, that, although he is often quaint and affected in his style, tame and feeble in his jokes, flimsy and superficial in his remarks, and desperately given to bespatter every body and every thing, that he sees, hears, touches, or describes, with the untempered daubings of indiscriminate praise, yet that his book contains much pleasing information, and much of that light amusement, which cannot fail to interest and to gratify the generality of readers.

New-York, June 30, 1807.

DEDICATION.

TO THE

PAPER MANUFACTURERS.

Gentlemen!

TO you I inscribe this work, which has certainly, in prospect, the advantage of our respective manufactories. I have often been actively employed in your service, and you have most essentially contributed to the *great* figure, which I have made in the world. Grateful myself, I cannot doubt your gratitude, and, please the booksellers! we will hereafter do much more for one another.

The place whence I date this dedication, perpetually reminds me of the *Bank of England** and the *present wealth** of this country, which, without a compliment stretched beyond the line of truth, have their foundation in your mills! To mention, after such an eulogium, your imperial, hot-pressed,

wire-wove, *foolscap* and other *becoming* virtues, would be idle; but let no author henceforth be ashamed of *the badge of all our tribe*—RAGS!—since in them we behold the substance of the actual riches of the British Isles.

I am, *dear* gentlemen!

And shall ever be, while I have a drop of—ink in my horn,

Your devoted

KNIGHT ERRANT.

**PAPER *Buildings!!*
March, 1807.

A PREFATORY POSTSCRIPT.

WHAT follows was intended to have occupied the space commonly allotted to postscripts, but, on mature reflection, it appeared to me to be a thing by no means incongruous in the composition of an *Irish* Tour, to write the *postscript first:* and for the epithet which I have coupled with it, I confess myself indebted to a hint afforded me by Mr. Plowden, the *Irish* historian. If he, in his history of Ireland, can have a *postliminous preface*, by what rule am I, in a tour in the same country, prevented from having a *prefatory postscript?*

This matter having been thus argmentatively discussed, and its propriety with the profoundest wisdom demonstrated, I

proceed to some remarks on the projected *Quarto*, of which the subsequent *hints*, in MY POCKET-BOOK, are intended to serve as a fundamental basis.

I believe I need not assure the world that my object, sole and undivided, in going to Ireland, was, when I returned, to print nothing more nor less than *a Quarto Volume*.

In this intention I have, I own, been made to waver, in some degree, by an anecdote exceedingly disagreeable to my feelings. Gibbon originally published the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire in quarto, and as the volumes appeared, singly, he used to take them to his Grace the Duke of Northumberland. Conveying the third to him, one day, elated with pride at the delightful office, and imagining, as he went, what handsome things the duke would say to him, how great was the mortification of the historian, to have his labour received by his Grace with this exclamation: "*What—ah! another d——d big square book—eh?*"

Now, if, after cajoling myself with the idea of immortality, in consequence of spinning my hints into a quarto, I should be met by the public with a similar salutation!——It is indeed a staggering thought, and *puzzles the will.*

The marrow of the strictures of my "*extra-vagrant*** and erring spirit," is in *my pocket-book*, and the trouble of extension, into such quartos as I write, is mere breakfast-work: one would be done as soon as the other: but the danger alarms me; and in truth, independent of the fear, I have a sneaking kindness in favour of the *Mems.* in "my pocket-book," which induces me to prefer them to any volume, however monstrous.—I like my *eggs* more, in their present shape, than I think I should like my *omelette soufflée.* My thoughts indeed look prettier, and it's more *consistent* to see them, in *little!*

* A new reading for the occasion. As to *erring*, hear Steevens—his interpretation comes so near a *bull*, that I'm quite pleased with it. "*Erring*, in short, is *erraticus.*" Note on *Hamlet.*

These terrors, great as they are, form not all that disturb the tranquillity of my soul. When a brilliant wit appears, it has been said, and I shall perhaps live to become a memorable example of it, the dunces club to bring him down to their level. In this warfare, what most agitates me is the apprehension of being travestied. But the aim of parody is to turn things into nonsense—then *my firm nerves shall never tremble!* The soundest logic seems to prove that every *turn* must be in my favour. Still there is no predicting what the ingenuity of the writers of our day may not do in the way of nonsense. It was always my opinion, and it is confirmed by the numberless fair hands and memories, in which it is found, that Pope's *Eloisa to Abelard* was indecent enough in all conscience, and I did conceive that, to make it more so, would have never been attempted by the greatest lover of works of supererogation. However, *nil intentatum*:

> No arts untry'd against *us wits* remain;
> Nay, were we dead, they'd kill us o'er again!

Here I was deceived. The Greek professor of Cambridge, (for want of any thing more congenial to do—piteous case!) set his "erudite head" to work, parodied it, and ("believe me on my relation,") increased its obscenity in a tenfold proportion.

Under all these circumstances of peril, am I not warranted in my doubts and hesitation? I must consider the matter further before I venture on the quarto;* but my dear little *Mems.* they shall be no long-

* Amongst my minor evils there is yet another which breaks in upon my rest. What the heart is full of, the tongue will not conceal. Who is that *Charles William Janson, Esq.* who has just published, *in quarto*, what he calls "*A Stranger in America?*" I know there are many authors who, without the confession, write about and about countries which are perfectly strange to them; but what business has Mr. Janson to jump into my *quart* bottle, and tie my label round his neck? I thought that it was my exclusive right, and that I was, in England, the *only professed stranger* with respect to the parts which I undertook to describe.

er withheld from my friends.*——Take then *my pocket-book*, and treat it as you would a letter from one who should say —to others I describe the country, but to you I describe my heart and every thing! Some matters will, therefore, of course, occur in these pages, which will not be found in the quarto. This, however, let me say for that publication, whenever it does issue from the press, nothing tedious or silly shall be omitted in it.

* To gratify the anxious desire of a *few select friends*, I have hastened to the press with my loose thoughts on Irish matters.—The *public* must wait for the quarto. My friendly admirers will, I know, prefer this little volume, with all its imperfections on its head. A fascinating woman often appears more potent in her charms, when free from the artificial graces of ornament, than when in her richest habiliments and loaded with jewels, she seems more to tempt one to steal than love her. So are my beauties when unadorned adorned the most. The sketches of a master are frequently preferred to his finished drawings. Such is my case, and my *intelligent and enlightened* friends have told me that they would rather give *four shillings and sixpence* for my miniature than sixpence for my quarto, as large as life. I mentioned this to my bookseller, and he said "*Let's try 'em!*"

The present volume is but *a mouse* compared to that *mountain;* but it is the whole of *the labour:*—there the genius of my readers shall be consulted, and well I know that it will be wise in me to leave out nothing of what I've promised, since that which is most in their own way, will be most interesting!

MEMORANDUM.—MOST *of the passages distinguished thus,* [" "] *and many of the words italicized, to be religiously preserved in the* QUARTO.

MY POCKET BOOK;

OR,

HINTS

FOR

"*A Ryghte Merrie and Conceitede*" Tour

IN IRELAND.

MEMS. FOR CAP. I.

[*Heads of Chapters to occupy full Half-a Page—It does not matter if they should resemble a Bill of Fare, which often contains every thing but what one might reasonably axpect to find.*]

IT is Cowper, I believe, who has said that Homer rendered the beauties of the opening of the Iliad more difficult then those of any other part of his works, for the purpose, as it would seem, of deterring, *in limine*, all translators from proceeding beyond the threshold. I shall do the same with the beauties of *all* my chapters.—How I pity my translators? *Who* would not pity them?

Commence with a couple of stories—nothing more entertaining. Two Englishmen in the east were advised not to go among the Polygars, because they were barbarous, but they found them hospitable.—I was warned against visiting the Irish, who, I was told, were so ignorant, that a rebel barber, seeing an artillary-man about to apply his match to a cannon, ran up to the muzzle and thrust his wig into it, exclaiming "By Jasus, I have stopt your mouth, my honey, for this time." But he did not, for "he was blown to atoms."

I care not for their ignorance; perhaps we shall agree the better; but "reader! do not anticipate;" in "a little time perchance" you'll know all about it; but not if we stay here—therefore "let us set off," and loiter where we find "any object worthy of notice."

A stage coach—the first object worthy of notice. An old lady wished to have *an owl* with her in the stage, in which I and four other male passengers were with her closely "indented and dove-tail'd."—Her wishes were "*resisted*," as all the improper wishes of ladies should be—especially those old ones—and the bird of night, the μαντις κακων, the prophet of evil, was sent to hoot his dire omens elsewhere.—The gentlemen

much objected to such an ominous travelling companion.—"*Bubo, dirum mortalibus omen.*"

It is a "more easy motion proceeding on a fine and level road" than "jostling on the pavé." Relate, with some novel circumstances, the anecdote of the man of slow comprehension, who did not smile at a facetious story, till the middle of a second, concerning a horrible murder, when the first jest having "travelled through the sinuosities of his ears to his understanding," he burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter. Say "he was about 45, short, plump and rosy," and travelled in the coach with you.

Pass through Oxford—a short comment. Expect with rapture that I shall breakfast where Shakspeare was born. My expectations not realized with respect to his house, because it was "incapable of rousing one *poetic* idea." I reenter the "leathern convenience," alias stage, in the *sulks*. Dined at "the toy shop of Europe," so called by Burke, but better known by the name of *Brummagem*. The name of Burke will give me an opportunity to inform the reader that *he* is dead,—or, in prettier language, "now reposes in the cold bosom of the grave." The manufactory. Mr. Bolton's ingenious invention: "at this moment I forget what it was."

"Near the lofty Wrekin the iron mines and furnaces had a *Vesuvian* appearance."

At Litchfield races "*all* the horses that ran were *distanced*."

The Vale of Llangollen.—Take care how you handle, or rather mouth, this word. The "two sequent lls are pronounced as thl." At present you are as wise as myself. Now I am on pronunciation, permit me to observe, with the Anti-Jacobin, that when you meet with the name of *Schütz*, the commentator on Æschylus, you are to recollect that in German the *ü* twice dotted is pronounced like *i*. This is a delicacy equally worthy of notice.

Advise the reader not to suffer himself to grow a year older, or perhaps not so much, ("another summer's sun to roll away,") without visiting this vale; but, that is, if he has "never beheld the vale, and occupation will admit of it."—You must always be considerate and reasonable.

A flowery description, introducing Llewelyn, (look to the *lls*) Edward I. and the river Dee, brings me to remark, that he who expects to see "every acclivity *crowned* with a goat," will be disappointed; and for this simple reason, "that salacious family," in the north, "is nearly ex-

terminated," for nibbling the young growths. They have "small sheep," however, and among "the beauties of nature" (very much to my taste,) I reckon "exquisite mutton."

The "sequestered happiness" of Lady Butler and Miss Ponsonby. A little beyond Llangollen I saw "the scite of Owen Glendower's castle." Henry says that Mortimer

"Durst as well have met the devil alone as Owen "Glendower—"

But I can assure you that he now hangs *quietly* at the door of several houses in Wales, an inviting sign of cheese, ale, and leeks within.

A Welch peasant delights in a "blue coat and blue stockings." "Their native language is a dialect of the Celtic." Remember that. Be in love with the "simple honesty of the Welch," and very angry with the old song for saying "*Taffy was a thief.*" A Welchman considers Adam as "a fellow of yesterday. I'll be bound," said one, "that his family was not born before Christ." This is neither very new nor good in illustration of their pride of pedigree.—Try another. "It was to a Welch lady, who was tracing her family through a remote course of genealogy, that a wit said—to cut the matter short, madam, do begin with A-

dam." This speech is really in a French farce, but it will do very well for the Welch lady.

The delights of *bundling*, which, as well as in America, is the custom of Wales. "The process is very simple."—The lover goes to bed to his sweetheart, whose only precaution is, through excess of modesty, "to wear her under petticoat, fastened at the bottom; not unfrequently, I am told," (it never happened to me) "by a sliding knot." Marriage often ensues—"the knot which cannot slide."—"*A hit, a very palpable hit!*"

Pursue this feeling and interesting subject, and tell of a similar pastime, in Holland, called *queesting*, and at Massachussett's Bay *tarrying;* but the last seems to be a singular sort of "*harmless chit-chat*," since the fair one sometimes "proves pregnant," which I take never to be the effect of simple *chit-chat*, though it may be of *crim-con.* "I think this custom should share the fate of the northern Welch *goats;*" and yet I do not see how it prevents "*young growths.*"

Lord Penrhyn.—For his new road three miles beyond Cernioge, call him "that enterprising, public-spirited nobleman."—It can do no harm. From hence I saw "Snowden rising into the clouds."—Notwithstanding I was "at a great

distance," I am bold to assert that it "*rose from the earth.*"

On this road I met a poor "stone blind, but a fine, cheerful, healthy woman," called *Blind Bet.* I cannot say that I bestowed any coin on her, save that of my brain; excuse the expression. *The Gods made me poetical.*—Give the four stanzas which, though very lame, "found their way into MY POCKET-BOOK." "The Devil's glen, *sublime.*" Query, *infernal.* There is no impropriety in the devil's having a little residence in Wales, since, according to Henry IV. "*the devil understands Welch,*" but what the devil he does with his *other side* in Derbyshire, or his punch-bowl in Sussex, I can't tell. Look into this —it is a curious piece of *black*-letter learning.

Near Capel-cerrig, I saw "nature in an awful *attitude.*"

In the neighbourhood of Snowdon let Gray's bard furnish four lines. "This mighty mountain" wears "*a night-cap:*"—it's made of "mist," and must be very damp. Say you took a *little* walk to "*Beth* Gelert"—you can say so, you know. Here lug in the story of Llewelyn, his greyhound and King John. How Llewelyn, seeing his dog covered with blood, at the door of the chamber of his child, slew him, thinking he had

destroyed the infant, but, entering the room, found "a gaunt wolf all torn and dead"—and as how that then

"The truth was clear;
"His gallant hound the wolf had slain,
"To save Llewelyn's heir."

Call these lines the honourable Mr. Spencer's *beautiful commemoration* of the fact.

Lord Penrhyn's slate quarries.—My "eyes gladdened with hills dotted over with cottages."

Near the ferry to Anglesea, I took breakfast, but none of "the base shillings of Ireland," which are here freely attempted to be passed off. I knew the *brazen* rogues.

Jumpers, a religious sect.

"It is always usual to congratulate the arrival of a stranger of *respectability* with music."—*I* was "*serenaded* for the first time by a Welch harper." I have read that a Welch bard "boasted that if he desired his prince to present him with *the moon*, he would most assuredly bestow it on him."—Set them down for a couple of *lunatics*.

Give all sorts of history of the Island of Anglesea. The weather stormy—unable to em-

bark. It's an ill wind that blows no one any good. Got into an Irish family, where I past the evening, "laughing, dancing, and singing *vive la bagatelle* to the stormy night."—Any sober person would have thought me mad; or, at any rate, no author of quartos.

Remember to bring in these lexicographical bulls, which are in your French dictionary at home. Say you found the book here, "*Abbreviations* of English Christian names—Johny for John, Jenny for Jane."

As a traveller proceeding to Ireland will naturally want a wind, that he may know how it blows, let him go to Gwindu, where it can be "ascertained," by a very ingenious contrivance, —"a lofty pole, surmounted by a weathercock." I guess, from this mode of *surmounting* the difficulty, that they omit the *weathercock* in other places. When the traveller is here, he must be piously grateful for not being in another place. "Put up at this inn, and thank Heaven that he is not at Holyhead."

Holyhead.—Here "well-cased in a surtout," (good folks are scarce,) I made this shrewd remark: "In foul weather, the fairest scene looks *somewhat* sad." A dreary place, and comfortless inns. The church is dedicated to St. Ki-

bius, who flourished here *a short time since*, viz. in the year 380.

Custom-house officers. Complain of them bitterly. Advise the reader never to go to sea in a cockel-shell, without taking a peck-loaf in his pocket. This piece of advice, from my experience of the evil, will be worth the whole price of my book. Recount the story of the man in a hurry to go on board, when he could only find "two right-legg'd boots." Insist on it that it happened at Holyhead. Quote Rochefoucault's authority to prove that when you see a man hopping with one right-legg'd boot on, and another right-legg'd boot in his hand, there is no occasion for pity, but you may laugh as much as you please.

"At ten o'clock in the morning," with a scrap of poetry in my mouth, I sailed for Ireland. The wind "*promised*" to carry me the eighty miles "in nine hours;" but, owing to our having a bishop on board, the wind left us in the lurch—a calm made it "two days and nights." I am a bit of a lawyer, as far as eating commons goes, and it appears to me that an action would lie against the wind for breach of *promise*.—The cause must be tried before a Justice in *Eyre*. However, to go *against the wind* is perhaps not advisable.

In this true history, nothing must be concealed. I was very "*sick*," that's the truth on't.—"Hunger succeeded," and my locker was as empty as my stomach. From this piteous case I was relieved by a *projection*. "A lady, projecting out of an adjoining cot one of the most *pleasing and sensible* faces I ever saw, invited me to partake of some excellent *broiled slices of mutton*." The lady's name was "*Tuite*," and *to it* I went, swearing, (and kissing with a devouring kiss the broiled mutton) that I would celebrate her christian charity—ay, and her verses too—

Liceat *tua* dicere *facta*—
——liceat totum mihi ferre per orbem
—*tua carmina*.

The time is come.—Quote her poetry, and *mention* all her *nameless* virtues. All this for a slice of her mutton.—O! cheap immortality!

Drop the curtain on the first act with a few words, which may rouse curiosity: for instance—

"The hill of Howth is in sight."

MEMS. FOR CAP. II.

DUBLIN Bay.—The sun shines here. Never saw such a prospect. Look into Ossian when you get home for something about *mountains* with *grey heads* and *ocean smiling with a blue face.* Querry. Can a person be said to *smile* when he looks *blue?* The ocean may, perhaps!

As I entered the bay, "the rugged hill of Howth" was there, as usual, "on the *right.*"—"Its rocky bays" also. At present it's like nothing but itself. If, however, it could get what it *wants*, that is, *a volcano*, "I was well informed," that it would resemble "the beautiful bay of Naples." Here *the sea is fringed*, and the light house has *an alabaster front.* The light of the octagonal lantern of this house is "*increased* by *reflecting* lenses." Query—*magnifying.* Perhaps *reflecting* is wrong? Inquire of those who know *something* about the matter.

Now change sides. To be even with the right, on the left "*were* the town of Dalkey, with its romantic rocks." Above, the Wicklow mountains ascend "with majesty."

Be "enraptured" with the sight, and introduce an Irish sailor, with a nod, saying, "By Jasus, your honour! you 're right there; it is God's own country." These little things shew that a man has really been in the country which he describes.

Say something about Dean Swift and the Drapier. It will come in here very well.

Bulls are thought to be peculiar to the west, but here we have two called "the north and south bulls," and devilish dangerous bulls they are too. A packet lost, not by being run at, but by running on one of them.

Instance of a noble "presence of mind."—Hang a quaker up in the shrouds of this packet, and make him say to a fellow sufferer, just as the ship seemed about to sink, "Friend, should we escape death this time, canst thou inform me when the next Liverpool packet will sail?"

Dublin looks little though it's big.—Why? "For want of towers and spires."

The Mole.—Refer to some printed account for its date and dimensions. "The inner side of the mole reminded me of the wonderful embankments which I had seen on the sides of the Neva. See my travels—"*a Northern Summer*" —which buy.

The master of the "Union packet" was very civil to me.—"Before you land" commend the Union "as infinitely the *swiftest* sailing vessel in the service." This I can safely do from my own knowledge, as (see chap. I.) I expected to arrive in *nine hours*, and was *two days and nights*.

Paid "three shillings," while "along-side the pigeon house," for a custom-house fee.—Don't like this pigeoning.

Three miles to the capital. A long coach—bad horses.

Ask the reader whether he "loves a laugh," and then tell him that you took a bundle from "one of the loveliest daughters of green Erin," in other words—"the niece of two Scotch butchers, which cost you a pair of pantaloons, through its contents being "a large piece of prize pork," whose fat oozed out and larded your lean legs.

I doubt whether this will create a laugh, therefore I shall add another joke, and roundly assert that the "secretary of a celebrated English agricultural society received orders from its committee to buy several copies of Mr. and Miss Edgeworth's *Essay on Irish Bulls*, for the use of the members, in their labours for improving the breed of cattle."

Call the essay an "admirable book."—You can't make too many friends—nothing like praise—honey for flies. Remember this all through your writings.

Ringsend, a "horrible sink of filth."—Turn up your nose, and say you don't like dirt at all.

The Jaunting Car, "an open carriage, mounted on two small wheels, drawn by one horse." The company sit back to back, and the Irish call it *à vis à vis*—I called it a "*cul à cul*;" but I must say that I *heard* it called so, and that I don't think it *delicate*.

Complain that the Irish are misrepresented. In Spenser's time, the wild Irish were believed to have wings, and it was lawful to shoot 'em—*flying* I suppose; and if not otherwise there was no great harm done.

"On this side of the water" (meaning England) nobody knows any thing about the virtues of the Irish.—It was left for me to discover that they are not wild and passionate, but mild and gentle; not rash and inconsiderate, but consistent, wise and prudent.

As Sir Isaac Newton sets his face against tradition beyond one hundred years, it will be well to say so, and then flourish about not inquiring concerning the sailing of Jason and the Argonauts for Ireland, or the descent of the Irish from Magog. If they think it, why e'en let them; I am a good-natur'd fellow, and "would disturb no people in their fancy." I am "no antiquarian," therefore all I say about the *Chinese*, the Carthagenians, Milesians, &c. may be taken for learning, but, depend upon it, it is not *knowledge*. This assertion must be softened down.

Though no antiquarian, it will perhaps be wise to make some shew here, which, with the assistance of Goldsmith's Citizen of the world, will not be difficult. Leave out his *King Atoes* and put in an Irish King, as thus:—The Emperor *Ki* is certainly the same as *Conar*, King of Ulster, for if we merely change K into *Co*, and i, into *nar*, we have *Conar* beyond all manner of

doubt. Clearly then the Chinese and Irish monarch were one and the same person.

It will now be high time to tell the reader what I am about.—He may be shrewd, but I'll be hanged if he would ever know, if I did not tell him. "My attempt is to sketch the modern Irish."—Yes sir, "and principally to describe what I saw." Mark *principally*, for I shall occasionally describe what neither I nor any body else ever saw.

At the Royal Hotel, in Kildare-street, I washed my hands and face; but this is to be styled "gratifying ablutions."—"Traverse the city;" that is, fetch a walk. Merrion-Square like Cavendish-Square. On the fountain, in the middle, is an inscription to the Duke of Rutland.—Copy it by all means; it will fill half a page.

"Roved through many noble streets—frequently struck with the novel sounds of—Blood and ounds, make haste Pat, by my faith and shoul." This alone will be enough to prove that I have been in Ireland.

"Took a ride" in a *Jingle*.—This carriage *resembles* a coach when it is not a coach; viz. "after the doors and the upper sides and roof are removed." It is called a *Jingle* from its rattling—the thing speaks for itself—*res ipsa loqui-*

tur. The fare sixpence each—no starting without the usual complement. He that objects to pay for the vacant seats, must, till they are filled, "Sit, like Patience on a monument." The quotation is new and pretty.—As there is only one horse, and six passengers, I may, supposing Patience to be looking at the miserable animal, add, "smiling at *grief.*"—"People of the first respectability ride in them." I rode. Every low Irishman is called Pat.—Tell the reader that Pat is "an abbreviation of Paddy," though Paddy is "derived from *Saint Patrick.*" 'Saint Patrick was a tangible being.' No one but an infidel can doubt it. The Irish ladies approach the altars of "the immaculate Brigid, the virgin Saint of Ireland." (Query, the only virgin ever known there?) "with chastity instead of celibacy: but more of this hereafter." This is rather dull; let us have a bull. I thought a poor jingle horse lying in a ditch was *removed* from this world, but whither I knew not. My sensibility was touched. "Poor animal," said I, "he's dead." The jingle-driver looked in my piteous face, for I was *the knight of the sorrowful countenance*, and replied, "And plaze your honour, he *is is* not *dead entirely.*"—Note. The low Irish repeat the verb.—It is exceedingly humorous.

A single-horse chaise, so old and rickety that it nods as it goes, is called a *noddy.* Pat, who

drives, sits with his nose close to the horse's rump. His own rump is in the same position with regard to the nose of the gentleman inside—and so they travel like *nearest* friends.

A hackney-coach in Dublin is like a hackney-coach in London. It has been said that these vehicles reach their destination by the contrivance of thrusting a long pole out of the front window, with some hay at the end of it, which the horse cannot get at, but, through always trying, is tricked into a trot, which would otherwise never happen.

"A lie: an odious, damned lie: upon my soul a lie; a wicked lie."—*Othello.*

The Irish horse is hardy; and I have discovered, by coming here, that "bone is no proof of weakness." It is very singular, but the Irish horses understand English,—If you say *gee* to them, it puts them "in motion much in the same way" as in England. I have no doubt if you said *whoa* they'd stand still; but that would not prove much, since they do that perpetually without a word being said. I don't like Johnson's etymology of *gee*.—I think it is *ge*, or *geh*, the imperative of the German verb *gehen*, to go. In that case horses understand German; but perhaps it is from γη, and signifies to get over the *ground*;—then they understand Greek. As to

whoa, I am a little puzzled. Perhaps it is the *ho*, which, in the Danish language, the herald cried out to combatants in a tournament; that is, *stop*. A learned author, in his *conformity of the Persian and English languages*, says that *whoa* is Persian, and means *go on*. A devil of a *conformity!*—for which he deserves the botheration of driving an English and a Persian horse together for the remainder of his days. I call this learned. To cut a horse to the flesh, a jingle driver terms "establishing a raw." These delicate touches must not be omitted.

In Ireland an Englishman will find eleven miles fourteen. The driver, after taking me a mile, turned me out, because I would not give him "*another hog*," which I thought a great bore.

The currency of Ireland ought to be given, but the currency of any country is really a thing in which authors are very little concerned. "Seeing's believing, but feeling's the truth." Therefore I *believe* they have various species of specie, but I have little knowledge of the *truth*. "Take over guineas" to Ireland, and you'll be very well received.

The beggars of London sell their old clothes to the beggars of Ireland. A beggar here is not

very nice in his wardrobe, though he is remarkably fond of *change*.—I heard that one, passing through a corn-field, *exchanged breeches with a scare-crow*, set up to frighten away the birds.

The miserable race of mendicants, scattered about Dublin, are no ornament to it. They should say "to the Legislature

> "-You taught me first to beg; and now methinks
> You teach me how a beggar should be answered."

And then the Irish beggars would quote Shakspeare, and their horses understand German. Παχεια γαστηρ, λεπτον ὁ τικτει νοον, *the sharper the appetite, the sharper the wit*.—Great care is taken to brighten the intellects of the poor Irish! It succeeds. "Ah, plaze your honour's honour," said one to a stingy, gouty, limping old gentleman, "I wish God had made your *heart* as tender as your *toes*."

Note. Before I proceed any further, I must make some remarks on that excellent sentiment, "*the sharper the appetite, the sharper the wit*:" and I do it with the more pleasure, because it may tend to reconcile the hungry to their emptiness, and prevent those, who have plenty to eat, from stuffing too much. To do good in one's generation is commendable.

The innumerable sonnets of misery and melancholy pieces of poetry which have been written on Otway, and others, who are said to have *been starved*, have, in my opinion, always exhibited to the full as much ignorant folly as morbid sensibility. Never was there so much misplaced grief and idle pity. Were I to add another Muse to the nine, it should not be an ancient or a modern Sappho, but *Hunger;* the most actively inspiring of them all. She drives

ἐκ βλεφάρων δὲ
Ὕπνον,

Sleep from your eye lids.—Does the full-fed block-head enjoy this advantage?

MAGISTER ARTIS, *ingenîque largitor*
VENTER. PERSIUS.

Hunger a *master* is *of arts*,
Who brightens much the mental parts.

One more authority, and I have done. What says the amiable Dr. Beattie, the last man in the world to recommend any injury to those "of imagination all compact?" Does he not point out the way to preserve that imagination in its utmost purity? A "*full meal*," he observes, "gives *a languor to the mind*, and *impairs* a little our faculties of *invention* and judgment." Let me then hear no more whining about starving,

our poets.—They would never write so finely but for our kindness. Why are not aldermen poets and rare wits? Read Dr. B's remark. The conclusion therefore clearly is, that we must now and then starve a man for his own immortality and the honour of literature.

I beg the public to understand that I hold this argument for the benefit of *others*.

The low Irish like to be buried decently, and that their friends should get dead drunk with whisky on the occasion.

Pat's dress is "a long loose coat, or mantle, made of woollen, of stone colour." Let Spenser describe its uses, then I am safe. "It is a fit house for an outlaw, a meet bed for a rebel, and an apt cloak for a thief."

MEMS. FOR CAP. III.

HISTORY of Dublin. Look for it where it's to be found (in no other place) and copy the principal points, viz. that its area is more than 1464 acres, &c. &c. It will make many quarto pages. "Dame-Street is the Rue Saint Honoré of Paris, and the Bond-street of London." Some writers would describe the buildings before he saw them, especially in an *Irish* tour, but I shall wait till I visit them. "The city is admirably watched," and, in my travels in the interior, I was never molested;—yet "I was frequently alone, and had no other weapons than a tooth-pick."—The novelty of this *weapon* probably terrified them. English newspapers commit *all* the murders in Ireland. It is therefore common for a man to have his throat cut without his knowing any thing at all about it.

Though I never taste any more water than that which gets by chance into my mouth, while

I am performing my " ablutions," yet I am sorry to say that the water is not now so pure, in Ireland, as it was " about sixty years since "—when I was there. Of late they have indeed fished in *troubled water*, and that accounts for it in one way; but I have a better still. Above Island-bridge the river Liffy is damned, and supplies the town with water. The supply however is insufficient, and they have " contracted with the grand canal *company* to unite *their water* with the city *bason*:" a very indecent scheme, and a cause adequate to any impurity whatever.

Dwell on the misery of the poor in their quarter of the town. Mention the Rev. J. Whitelaw, M. R. I. A. and call his essay " admirable." He will like it as well as Mr. and Miss Edgeworth. Help yourself freely from his essay.—Never mind being " a little prolix"—trust to the *humanity* of the reader. His labour in " *resuscitating* slothfulness and *opening the hot-bed of insurrectional* want and ignorance;" must leave you " without terms of admiration" to express yourself.

At a glove-shop I was detected by " my fair shop-keeper" in the attempt to pass off bad money. My shillings were put into " a little brass weighing machine," and found wanting.

I discovered that a *guinea* was as great a "STRANGER *in Ireland*" as myself, and an object of "as much curiosity in many parts." Bad coin taken, "to prevent a total stagnation of trade." The north is "the *asylum* of specie." The money of Ireland will enrich my pages with a treasure of stuff. What Mr. Foster did to relieve the circulation is to his "eternal honour." —That will do for him, He must have a copy.

"I have given a beggar one of these pieces of coin (six-pence) and he has requested me to give him a penny-piece instead!!" Trait of simplicity. I suppose I can see as far as any body else, and "I cannot see why an universal assimilation of the coin should not take place." Bring in James II. if you can by any means. Lord King and Mr. Thornton to be called "*able writers.*"

"I am sure I shall make my readers smile" when I get into the south. Whether one does or not, the promise carries the reader on, like the hay before the Irish horse's nose.

Propose schemes with respect to the circulating medium, and wind up the whole with the profession that you are "prompted by an ardour for the amelioration and happiness of Ireland, which every one who visits her must feel as I do."—*As I do* is a saving clause. With regard to the

union, in which Ireland does not fully participate, " the fable of the two travellers and the treasure" may be told, and that will make a lively end of a dull chapter.

MEMS. FOR CAP. IV.

I visited "the late parliament house, now converted into a national bank," and, considering the quantity of base money in Ireland, I could not but exclaim "to what *base* use may we not return, Horatio!" I call that a bit of wit. History of the parliament house. By whom built, "singular to relate," is not known. "Strange to relate, the portico is not finished by a balustrade." This makes *the eye lament* perpetually. Here is a good opportunity to run a race through the different orders of architecture; pediments, plinths, entablatures, &c. Though bankers-clerks live in the senate, they must not think themselves orators.—"The technicle language of banker's clerks is below that eloquence which, vying with Roman genius and expression, once resounded within its walls." After proving that they have no taste, conjure them "in the name of taste!" Praise the legislative assembly at Paris.

You had better examine your ribs before you attempt to push into the gallery of the English commons, for "a man must have the ribs of a rhinoceros" to get in safe. The ladies are "the most welcome visitors" to the members of the Irish house of commons. In the English they are "contraband goods." "A distinguished orator of the age assured me" that there was much virtue in many auditors, and that members of parliament have a very inferior "power of discriminating and relishing the beauties of an oration, when compared with the folks in the gallery. He thought that the house of lords, without a gallery, was like "earth in a garden pot," and wanted "*exposure.*"—Certainly the more persons present the greater would be the *exposure* of their lordships!

The Irish house of lords is not yet demolished, which is all owing to the inactivity of "the hammer and the saw." Lord P. having murdered the late parliament house, is afraid of its ghost—tell this flat bon mot of Curran. Packets, mail-coaches, post-towns,—dry bits. "The college of the holy and undivided Trinity"—more architecture. Dr. J. Barret attended me over the library—he is "one of the most learned men in Ireland." I hope that will satisfy him. In the anatomy house I saw *wax women in every state of parturition*, all "properly la-

belled." Dr. Hall, the provost;—praise him The students restrained, by charter, from marriage.—Call this "a stupid and unnatural clause."—If "they taste of connubial happiness" (pretty dears) the punishment of the lady is horrible—she must keep her maiden name,—till she gets a dispensation. I never heard of any thing so severe.—Sensible query. Are the "offices of husband and parent fatal to learning and piety?"

The crabbed examination here for junior fellowship would never *do* for me, or rather it would. Give me our own good easy English alma maters, where there is a quick *fellow*-feeling, and consequently no *plucking* for ignorance, however profound. Yet even the severity of the former can be relaxed by a pun. In an examination, a student made the penult of *nimirum* short—The long "critical ears of the learned auditory" were soon erect—Curran immediately stept in, and said it was excusable, since "only one man in all Rome understood the word."

Septimius, Claudi, nimirum intelligit unus.

Quote Bede to prove that the English once went "to Ireland to cultivate letters." *Erin go brah.*

More architecture.

MEMS. FOR CAP. V.

THE Dublin society of arts under the superintendance of General Vallancey. Praise him and all his works. "A fine cast of the Laocoon—The original I have seen, as well as the divine statue of the Belvidere Apollo, in the imperial museum at Paris, and give the preference infinitely to the latter." Now, whether I mean here that I prefer the original of the cast, or the Apollo to the Laocoon, I think by no means clear, and that I call the art of writing *interestingly*. See my *Stranger in France*—you should have such a book!—In the Leskeanum mineral museum are, amongst other rarities, "several curious petrifactions of fish and plants." These "illustrate the marvellous history of the deluge." This remark is new. There is also "a highly curious petrifaction of an arm," brought from Gibraltar, "where, as there are no monkeys," it can't be a monkey's, but "a human one." Query. As

I have said before that other petrifactions "are the native productions of regions very remote from those in which they were discovered," why should this not be a monkey's arm (if a monkey is not all legs) though they are not natural to Gibraltar?

The nautilus taught "the Romans to construct their boats," and has had "the incense of Pope's song." *In me tota ruens Venus.*—"If I pass over *Venus's cockle* without paying my homage to the beautiful shell, may I never love or be loved!" O! pretty, pretty, pretty! There are also some *horns*; but I drop the tender subject. Botanical gardens. "As I am no botanist, I beg leave to quit shrubs and flowers, for beauties of another and far more *interesting* nature."—"The legs of the Irish ladies:—the day was singularly favourable, for the wind was fresh"—O! fi donc—I forbear; but the celebrated critique on them is a libel.—I understand these things, and "*by Cupid*" they are not thick. That is, as Jemmy Jumps says, "thick-legged ladies, thin-legged ladies," are to be found here as well as elsewhere, and in no greater degree.

As to their feet, I give them up to his mercy; they are anti-Chinese indeed. The reason is, though nobody would have guessed it, "*only* because little feet do not abound in any other

country." Female beauty is very rare. A compliment to the fair sex. Oh! what thick legs I once saw in England! The story's not worth relating.

"The same writer accuses the Irish ladies with being naturally addicted to the *forgery of franks*." I have heard of a Hamburgher, whose success in trade induced some one to say he was, by nature, fitted *for a sugar refiner*, but what has this to do with forging franks? I don't know. It is not true that you cannot look at a lady during dinner, without her seizing the decanter and crying "Port, if you plaze." To refute it, is like "hurling a rock at a fly." Poor fly! Abuse the writer, and shew your gallantry. Trifles often produce sad consequence, and should not be encouraged—morality. In the Irish house of commons an orator was thrown into confusion, and obliged to sit down in the middle of a brilliant speech, through *the cork of a bottle of porter flying out in the gallery*, and setting the house in a roar. He was probably member for *Cork*, and paid due respect to the interference of one of his constituents.

Complain again of the churches being without *steeples*. No wonder the Irish have no *high* notions of the Protestant church. "I was much gratified with the Royal Exchange." "There

are several noble apartments above, which I now regret I did *not* visit."—Never mind. If any buildings are out of the line, it is owing to "the brick-layer's line being crooked."

"Genius, which *consecrates* whatever it touches, induced me to pay an early visit to St. Patrick's abbey, the depositary of the ashes of Swift."—I was resolved to consecrate the spot. The pile stands in "the poddle."—Query, *puddle?* "In the rainy season it is frequently laid twelve feet under water." There can be no more left of the Dean by this time, than you'll find of Julius Cæsar. "Water's a sore destroyer of your whoreson dead body." Praise Sir John Stevenson and his singing. Give Swift's epitaph on himself: it was never printed before! And by all means his punning quotation, from Virgil's eclog. on the Cremona fiddle thrown down by a gown——

Mantua væ miseræ nimium vicina *Cremonæ.*

These are the sweetmeats of writing, aye, and of deep learning too! More of Swift. Praise the Irish clergy in a lump.

MEMS. FOR CAP. V.

(Have two chap. V. in the quarto.)

"FROM the poddle I waded to my hotel." Had a *jingle* to the Black-rock, the *Richmond of Ireland.* The advantages of a capital's "proximity to the sea." The Dublin shop-keepers "inhale the breeze," as they stand behind their counters, and may bathe, without delay, or hinderance of business, if they rise "earlier in the morning" than it begins.

As you approach the Black-rock, commence your description, keep it up for a page or two, and pop in a lady—like drawing of Dublin Bay. Abuse the late administration *(late* mind) for erecting Martello towers, which can't annoy "a hostile vessel."

To "illustrate the habits of the lower orders of people," I shall relate an event. You must know

that when an Irish cook gets drunk, with "that *liqueur* so dear to the common Irish, commonly called whisky, or *the crature*, this indulgence *grievously disorders the arrangements of the kitchen:*" turns every thing topsy-turvy, as a body may say. This occurred where I was. Four and twenty years service pleaded for her, and, when sober, she was sent, in sackcloth and ashes, to her priest, who, at confession, granted her absolution, on the condition of not touching whisky "for one whole year." Whether the priest secured her bottle, I know not; he afterwards addressed an epistle to her master, describing her penitence and "submission, which," says he, "threw her into a state of agitation that alarmed and melted me." Make the reader remark that *the habit of the lower order of people*, in Ireland, is very contrary to that of all other countries, *drunkenness*. Perhaps they cannot be better described than by *Drunken Barnaby:*

"Pauperes sunt et indigentes,
Multum tamen sitientes;
Parum habent, nec habentur
Ulla, quæ non tenet venter."

"Poor they are, and very needy,
Yet of liquor very greedy!
Had they never so much plenty,
Belly'd make their purses empty.

[*Private Note.* My style is thought *pretty*, for a traveller; but I confess I envy Barnaby.]

"Upon my return to town, I visited the new gaol, called Newgate, which is not shewn without a special order or letter from a magistrate." It may probably be possible to get a sight of the inside by a man's own private deserts! Though I very much object to hanging, and cannot talk of it with any personal satisfaction, I prefer the Irish mode of tying "the fatal halter" round a man's neck.—The sooner a bad job's over the better.—As Lord Duberly says, "that there's my maxim."

Propose an improvement in the gallows. Let every man exercise his genius in the way to which it looks!—The new invention for dispatch of "the falling grate or leaf" may furnish a joke, though the subject is not very *lively*.

Make an Irishman say, on seeing one going to be turned off in the new style, "By my faith and shoul, Pat has not long to live; he will be *off with the fall of the leaf!*"

Try whether you can make any others; if you can, tell 'em.

"I was *somewhat* disappointed in viewing the castle." History, from Henry de Londres, archbishop of Dublin, downwards. At the castle tell the story of Lord Kilwarden's murder. No-

body knows it in England. A prayer for the good behaviour of all in authority.

Having been in Ireland sometime, "I was *wofully disappointed*"—for what, think you? Because I had heard no *bulls*. This will introduce one, which I have hashed up, but which is, I confess, no great things. A footman may see a girl, in the court-yard of the castle, get up behind a coach, and exclaim, "That woman is the first *footman* I ever saw in petticoats." The reader will suppose the speaker an Irishman, let him be "from Cambridgeshire."

They are so used to "a rapid succession of rulers," that they expect a new secretary every packet. It was reported that one viceroy was going to return from Ireland before he arrived—a bull, a bull! To "dissolve the rumour," he hit upon this "*admirable*," expedient—he ordered "his gardener to make him an *asparagus*-bed." Well, but how's that *admirable?* perhaps the reader will say. You stupid dog, don't you know "that an asparagus-bed is some years before it reaches perfection," and that a viceroy cannot leave Ireland after it's made, until he eats a few of the asparagus!!

MEMS. FOR CAP. VII.

A PRETTY art making bridges. Seven on the river Liffey at Dublin. "It may be *as well* to describe them all here."

"The lying-in hospital." All I can do for this is to describe it. A fruitful subject. "Social meetings" are held here to eat and drink for the good of the poor women. Architecture—"Colonnades of the Doric order."—"Corinthian and composite pilasters." The Duke of Leinster and Lord Charlemont possess "highly becoming residences." St. George's church, "*when finished, will be* handsome."

The weather being fine, I left the city for another time, and *rambled* into the county of Wicklow, with "an amiable friend," who *augmented* my *pleasure*. "Although the season of autumn was arrived," "the summer still extended its reign;" therefore in *Ireland* they are found both together. "Our driver, post chaise, and hor-

ses, were not so neat," as in England; but I am resolved to be pleased, if possible; therefore I shall say "they were all well enough." If the chaise breaks down, coachmaker there is none, and for the carpenter, it is "beyond his art:"—The brick-layer's the man to call in—he "very neatly bricks and plaisters it up," till it's all right and tight. It is "very false," *indeed it is*, that the chaises have "a thatched roof," upon which *a cock* is frequently seen "scratching for grain;" or that the horses are always started by the cook with a red hot poker.

Posting.—Two persons pay one shilling a mile; three, eighteen-pence, that's just sixpence a piece, take it which way you will. I repeat, eleven miles here are fourteen. Nothing puzzled me more than the miles—an Irish mile is not only not English, but it's not Irish. A mile is not a mile.—You may go *two* miles, and yet find that you've not gone *one*.—They have long and short miles; the former is termed "a *lucky* mile." "Why so called, I could not learn," though my inquiries on these important points were exceedingly diligent. Therefore, all I can say is, curse such *luck!*

The post-boys drive "*beautiful*," and a man, however ugly, when he is asked, How are you? always replies, *Charming*, I thank you.

You travel here with music, particularly in the bad parts of the road, which is a great relief.—The music is such as a man, hanging in chains on a heath, might, but for *one* reason, hear when the wind's high—it is produced by "the *iron* steps within unfastened." Mention its saving and improvement:—it "rendered our tongues *useless*, and our *ears burthensome.*" "Our first stage was *to Bray.*"

"*Kilgobbin.*"—There are "forty-nine of those *kill* places," Kilcock, &c. "which is not a little alarming to a *Stranger in Ireland.*"—Of course I was frightened out of my little wits.

Tell the old joke of, I have "been to *Killmanny*, and am going to *Kilmore.*"—Give names to the parties, and if you call one "a native of Devonshire," he may, not knowing such places in Ireland, seize him who makes the remark. Though "*kill*" was more alarming, yet I was not a little terrified at *Scalp.* Here slip in a sketch of "the *Scalp*," but confess that it was not worth taking. These massy stones "looked ready to roll down," but 'twas all sham. If they had, they would have brought "ruin and havoc in their train"—always supposing plenty of people underneath. The view is "closed by the mountains called the sugar-loaves," which "push their dusky tops into the skies."

Note. All the mountains in this country are very free with the skies, but it is not likely that the *sugar-loaves* get much by their visit to the clouds, especially as, from being *dusky*, we may suppose them to be *brown*.

Inniskerry.—On one side *my upper window*, that is, my "eye, reposed on rich meadows," while "a village school just *peeped* with *its upper windows* above the level." At the sight of Auburn, have "expressions of delight."

You can't "walk through the Dargle" without you "alight from your chaise." "We had scarcely measured one hundred feet," before this earth left us, and we discovered "a new world." Here we saw strange things.—"*Mountains* covered with *wood*, *melting* into *air*." A serpentine river "glistened in the sun, till it *lost* itself." "We *followed its course*." "Verbal painting" won't do, therefore I must try my paint writing:—I hope I shall not be thought to say that no words can express the beauties of my drawing! A picture of Mrs. Gratton's cottage, which we caught *peeping* over the hills—a sort of *peep o'day boy*. The Dargle has *green breasts*. Description. "Here, concealed by over-arching leaves, the river, *like fretful man* in his progress through this unequal world, was scarcely heard to *ripple*."—

That really sounds pretty—I wish it had any sense in it!

> "The trivial turns, the *borrow'd wit*,
> The *similies* that nothing fit."

Swift was very severe—don't quote him. This most extraordinary river then flew into a passion, and *roared:* then it "recovered its calmness" and looked like the *dark mirror*, which assists me to take my sketches—soon again it set off and ran, but not far, before it "murmured, and died upon the ear:"—that is fell upon its ear, and died.

Grattan acquired his eloquence by talking to the ear of this dead river.—He "addressed the tumultuous waters as his *auditory*."

In this "new world," a rustic temple looks "like an *aeronautic* car;" (a *Car* I never heard of before) and *umbrellas* are made of *leaves*. I "invoked the naiad and the wood nymph," but I am apt to think there are none in this country, for they did not come. As you cannot give any conversation with them, whip in six stanzas by Mr. Leftly, which you may say "*upon my memory stole*." I think I recollect the last two words. "*Oh rare!*"

"Heavens!"—then introduce Mr. A. Young's description of a *different* part of the country.

Bray.—I here remembered a passage in *Much ado about Nothing*.—Hang that Shakspeare, he forestalls all writers.—What a good name that would have been for my book! The passage runs thus:—"Do not forget to specify, when time and *place* shall serve, that I am an *ass*." Methought that this must needs be the *place*, but, *cæteris paribus*, I did not find more asses here than elsewhere. What the inhabitants found, after our arrival, I can't say.

Recommend "every future Wicklow wanderer" to go to a good inn when he arrives at Newry-bridge.

"Rosanna, the seat of Mrs. Tighe," is "Arcadian," and she is an "*elegant minded lady*."

> "Uberem vallem, salubrem venam,
> Cursu fluminis amœnam,
> Lætam sylvis et frondosam,
> Heræ mente speciosam."
>
> "Valleys smiling, bottoms pleasing,
> Streaming rivers never ceasing;
> Deck'd with tufty woods and shady,
> Graced by a wiseish lady."
>
> *Barnaby.*

Tell her that she ought to publish her MS. poem; that you publish every thing you write, and advise her to do it by all means. Say that, if you

prevail, the favour done to the public, by giving it such a work, will "at least make some atonement for the errors" of yours—a desideratum in literature.

Make Time a painter—and the Elements colourmen. Glenmore Castle "has not yet received the hoary *tints* of time,"—and needs to be "well *coloured* by the elements." It is a pity, for the sake of *grandeur* and the picturesque, that there are no *groups* of "routed followers of rebellion" in the Devil's Glen.—The devil could easily manage this, and is much to blame for his want of taste.

Dwyer, "the three-fingered Jack" of Ireland. What is done "in a bad cause" is just as virtuous as if it was in a good one—"it loses nothing of its intrinsic value *on that account.*"

MEMS. FOR CAP. VIII.

"MAGNANIMITY is an inmate of an Irish cabin."—Prove it by a story of an officer, who, after striking a peasant, found him at dinner, when the latter, instead of a blow, had the *magnanimity* to give him—"*a potatoe.*"

The Irish have "a bountiful quota" of children. Dogs associate with them "by sympathy." "The sabbath is generally *celebrated* by bacon and greens." In England marriage is powerfully operated against, by a want of victuals, but it "is not known or cared about in Ireland."—The advantages of making love on an empty stomach are incalculable, and peculiar to Ireland. "Love lingers only until he can find but a dry bank—and a rapid race of chubby boys and girls, *soon* proves by what *scanty* means life can be sustained and *imparted.*" Cold is nothing.—Here, as in King Arthur, Love sings

"'Tis I that have warm'd you
In spite of cold weather,
I've brought you together,
'Tis I that have warm'd you."

One man, one wife, and four children, "eat thirty seven pounds of potatoes, a day.—"It is the potatoe," the Irish think, that impregnates their wives.—It's a wonder they have not more children, since, if that's the case, they have husbands by "the barrel, twenty stone to the barrel."

A Chinese can *out eat* a horse—"In China the men are said to have nearly *eaten out* the horses." From China bring the reader back immediately, and teach him "the mode of planting potatoes." —"The potatoe is cut into several pieces each of which has an *eye*"— (—the polypus is better off—) and "covered with mould." The *potatoe* being "propitious to fecundity," it has been "clothed with political consequences." The Irish rustic never leaves any of his work undone —he "having little to do, does little." Their "hospitality and politeness" consist in presenting you, if you enter a cabin at dinner time, with "the finest potatoe from the bowl."

Returned from Newry-bridge, and ate "a couple of delicious fowls." Where you can't get even a bad bed, you may get good port.—With no compliment therefore on the furniture of an

Irish inn, I may say of the landlord, what Glenalvon says of Douglass: "His *port* I like."

The Irish taught the English *how to suck eggs at breakfast.*—In Wales they make you eat bacon with them. Their eggs best—an English hen cannot "lay a fresh egg."

I. A. Eccles, Esq. at Cronroe—dined with him—praise him by all means and his three dramas of Shakspeare, edited on a "liberal plan."—"The great curiosity of Cronroe is a vast rock."—Query—Mr. Eccles, the editor of Shakspeare "on a liberal plan"—"the great curiosity?" At a fair here they sell pigs, with shoes, stockings, and hats.

You never listen to an Irishman, if he's a black-guard, but you hear *wit.*—A bricklayer fell from a house on some mortar, which saved him.—He got up and said, I had like to have hurt myself." An English bricklayer could not have said such a good thing!

Private Note. I wish Cumberland's life was not of such recent date,—there an Irishman, in a high tree, on hearing that Cumberland's father was returned home, exclaims, Och! by Jasus, I'm so happy; and to be sure I won't throw

myself out of this tree for joy! He did so, and broke his leg. I should to mark their odd character, have liked to have told this as happening to myself.

Rathdrum.—"*The Town* has nothing *in it* worthy of remark, *unless it is*, that the traveller should make a previous arrangement with the inn-keeper at Mewry," about a chaise.

At Avondale is "a highly romantic cottage," the residence of a son of the late Sir John Parnell, "as I was informed"—It is said that you must eat salt with a man to know him—ate nothing with him, know nothing about him. The scene was droll—it was "sweet and solemn." I cannot better describe it, so that every body may, as it were, see it, than by saying it was like the "islands in the gulf of *Bothnia*.

Though I have Arbuthnot's "God's revenge against punning," before my eyes, I hope I shall be excused, it being the first time, and the pun an old one, if I do commit the sin. Tell the anecdote of Sir J. Parnell's becoming a general toast in Ireland after the union, by which he lost his place, or, as he once said, "his bread and butter," when he was told, "Ah! but it's amply made up to you in *toast*."

Never fail to put the word on which your point depends, in Italics.

> " When letters are in vulgar shapes,
> 'Tis ten to one the wit escapes."

" By the time we had reached Arklow, the night had closed in upon us."—This was not the only time I was be-*nighted* in Ireland. Here our two beds were aired by one gentleman sleeping in both of them the night before. As there was a battle fought near this place in 1798, quote three quarto pages about it from Gordon, with " I am sure it will be interesting to my readers." Quote also from Father Murphy's Journal—it's very flat, but call it " *curious.*"

Our soldiery " mow the rebels down by the acre." Some more from Gordon—you cannot *restrain yourself from inserting it*—then you have the reader on the hip.

As this Chapter will, when filled up, be rather dull, finish it with a couple of stale jokes.—Such as an old woman's sending a letter addressed " *To my son in London,*" and any other you can think of.—Style this illustrative of Irish " simplicity."

A high place is best for a view.—Arklow is described *at once*, by saying " it resembles Mount Sion at Jerusalem "

MEMS. FOR CAP. IX.

"A travelling hint"—don't *omit* seeing any thing worth seeing in Wicklow. "*Alas!*" I who write travels, and travel for no other purpose in the world but to write, did omit to see many things at Arklow. I had no "letters of introduction," it is true, to Lord Carysfort's, or the wood of Bally-arthur, but I should have recollected that their "doors" are opened by a "spirit," who requires no recommendation, and never takes money,—I mean *liberality*.

When you quit one place for another, the scene is *altered;* at least it so happens when you leave Rathdrum for Glendaloch. More *wit*. "Your honour," said our driver, upon our observing that one of his horses plunged, "that mare is always unasy in going down hill." "Saw a *plantation* that was a *wilderness*." Saw also in a glen "the torches of the frantic mob,

shooting a frightful gleam through the trees" in "*imagination.*"

The barracks bui't here are "stuccoed white," which is wrong. "The dusky sc n ry' about requ e h t they should be of the same colour —for the s ke of "*un son.*" A dreary desert —quote somethi g pretty from Ossian.

Before *gratifying* the reader with a "brief extract" from Dr. Ledwick, introduce the local historian *Joe*, and that will make him "*known to fame.*" "I think it but fair," considering how much I am indebted to his namesake.

There are "fifty round towers in Ireland." About their use "the *learned* differ." Make one among them. On bells "opinions *clash.*" Ring the different changes, and then exclaim, "I rejoice that the discussion is over"—I shan't be in want of clerks to say *amen.*

"To return to *Joe.*" I am with *Joe*, like Desdemona: I can "turn, and turn, and yet *go on,*" indeed I could not well go on without. Joe shewed me "*the saint's bed,*" and, said he, "the girl who goes there is sure never to die in childbed." When the saint was living, probably never without running the risk of it! It is so frightful now that it might possibly prevent a pregnant wo-

man from dying *in child-bed*, by frightening her to death on the spot. Though I myself had no great need of the charm, I might as well have taken a peep at the hole, considering the nature of my business there:—but I didn't. Bribed Joe, and carried off "two stones" belonging to Saint Kevin.

Now Dr. Ledwick's "*brief* extract" in *ten* quarto pages. "No apology I am sure is necessary."

MEMS. FOR CAP. X.

LUGULA, the shooting box of Peter La—touche, Esq.—he is to have "every public and private virtue."

In different parts of this tour, I found the peasants "civil and social." They have excellent appetites, but are not anthropophagous—at least, they shewed no disposition to eat me, although they often caught me alone "making a sketch."—Then they approached me as the Lilliputians did Gulliver, and stared at me like a stuck pig.—After asking "What a clock" it was, "with an intelligent look," they left me in a whole skin, and seemingly contented; but from the *intelligence* betrayed by their looks, I shrewdly suspect that they thought me a mighty silly fellow, to stand there on "a blasted heath," drawing lines on paper.

Mrs. P. Latouche, of Belle Vue, is a lady re-

markable for her " head and heart," but her dealing in these articles " is a losing trade," and yet she gets by it, for she is to be " doubly paid both *here* and hereafter." You proceed at this place, when on foot, by *steps* :—a very natural mode of progression.

In the chapel is " a *ceratonia siliqua edulis*, or locust-tree, of the class *Polygamia* and order *tioœcia.*"

Note. This must be left out.—I have said before that I was " no botanist," and where the deuce I got this stuff I can't tell, unless the locust-tree was, as curious plants often are, *a tree of knowledge :* that is, had a label tied to it.

" To return to Joe." An Irish labourer asked what he would take to stand naked on the top of Saint Paul's, replied, " What! why, by Jasus, I would take cold." Now I'm talking of Saint Paul's, I should like to bring in, if convenient, the Irishman looking at the clock and his own watch, which had gained two hours, and crying out—" Och! by Jasus you've much to boast of! Here's this little bit of a watch, made by Ballydongan of Dublin, and to be sure and it hasn't beat your great big clock a whole two hours since yesterday morning!"

At Powerscourt there is not so much water in

dry as in rainy seasons. After a long drought, it will be found more speedily successful, to put off your prayers for rain till the wind gets round into another quarter.

" Dry lodgings," written over a cabin, does not signify that the beds are dry, but that you can have no whiskey posset there ; merely because they have none. It has perhaps never been told that " Ireland is not infested with venomous animals. St. Patrick destroyed all the rats, frogs, and snakes," and there are no toads, because there are so many *toad-eaters.* Return to Dublin.

The Irish rejoice in their antiquity, and, looking through " the fog of fable," they believe what has been asserted by a late writer, that there were four Irish Kings in Noah's Ark. " To return to *Joe.*" A man talking of a bug, in some foreign part, as big as a sheep, another said he recollected seeing one—it was called a *humbug.* Put this into General Doyle's mouth.

The humidity of Ireland. Sir William Petty, Smith, Young, Kirwan, and Dr. Rutty, have convinced me that it arises from the moisture of the climate.

Ireland has been called names.—" The land of Zephyrs, the Green Island of the West, the Eme-

rald Isle," and the Land of Potatoes.—Nothing passing over the roads that wears them, is "*one great cause*" of their "enduring so long." "The CARS are too *light*."—a complaint that has often been made. An improvement on my friend *Joe's* finger post that turned round. Place "in the west of England" a directing post at the corner of three cross-roads each leading to a town beginning with a D. and by way of direction let each side be "marked with the letter D."

Laud the Irish for not having in their church yards a "right merry feast of pious puns." Copy some epitaphs, to make the Irish laugh at us. "On a boy who tumbled from the top of Norwich cathedral."

> "This hopeful youth by accident did fall,
> From a scaffold at the cathedral."

Perhaps this will be better. On a Waggoner.

> "Here I lies; no wonder I'm dead,
> For a broad wheel'd waggon went over my head."

Propose that the stones in church yards be speedily "placed under an *imprimatur*"—Say an *Irish* friend advised you. Now there is a fine opportunity for contrast, by introducing three quarto pages of Curran's "*beautiful*" elegiac verses on A. Lamelliere. This stanza alone

would be enough to shew "how the mourning Muse can affect in Irelend."

"His friends bewail a treasure lost:
The sickly sufferer,
The poor and those by sorrow crost,
A soothing comforter."

No, no, we've nothing like that in our churchyards! Rather than any of these, let me have the Muse of Mad Bess—

"The raven and cat
The owl and bat
Shall warble forth my *elegy.*"

Such is my attachment to the true Irish funereal *howl.*

MEMS. FOR CAP. X.

[*Have two chap. X. in quarto.*]

IT has always been known that the Irish abound in *passion* of various sorts, but it remained for me to inform the world of their great "*literary* and *learned* passion." A "profoundly learned man," when "transplanted to England," has often been seen to "take root," and after growing a little while, he has been mistaken for an Englishman :—probably because no one could expect any learning from the Banks of the Liffey.

"Every body in Ireland *wishes* to be thought entitled to a seat in the circle of the *beaux esprits*."—It is not so in England.—The wishes of the former are obtained. As the low Irish never speak, without *wit*, so is it the fate of "the respectable class of life (a *very small number* excepted) to be the happy authors of a sprightly

pamphlet, a facetious song, or pointed epigram," and to get pointed at for it, as they pass along the streets—though it is as common as two legs to a man. "Judges, bishops, barristers, bankers, army-agents, clerks in office, *all are writers.*"—Oh! blessed country! They differ from us in their writings by adding "white days to the calendar."—*Black days* are the common consequence of scribbling in England.

As a proof of their "literary passion," and "profound learning," Quote No. 111 of the Anti-Union Newspaper.—I know nothing better—to fill eight quarto pages! With all this literature, they don't print much—which *surprised me*, I confess!

The *light* of Trinity College *shines against the wall;* and then only on the inside,—therefore it's of no use—Lucas de Penna. Thesis I. to wit—Scientiæ non visæ ut thesauri absconditi nulla est utilitas.

> To man no benefit or pleasure
> Can be a deeply hidden treasure;
> So science bound within a college
> Is, sirs, indeed most useless knowledge.

Montagne complains of *l'ecrivaillerie* of his age.—What would he have said, if he had been an Irishman? He advises the banishment of silly

useless writers, and adds—*Alors on bannissoit moi et cent autres*—meaning himself not *me*.

A paper in Dublin "would answer, *I should think*, if—well conducted."

"*I need not* tell my reader that I write just as my thoughts occur:"—by this time he must perceive it. "When I landed in Ireland," the prejudices of a stupid tourist clung about it; but, as rotten fruit drops off through the wind, so "I had not inhaled the *air* of that country long before they *dropped* off" and I found the Irish such social, gentle, meek souls, as never traveller found them before. An Irishman's house is like our Newgate, "it's more easy *to get in*, than *to get out*" I am ashamed of the scandalous sayings of my countrymen.—He who said, "Put one Irishman on the spit, and another will turn it," deserved to be *basted*.—It is true that I never saw one put on a spit, but I can't believe it.

With all my ardent love for Ireland, (love at first sight) and profound respect for the natives, (caught or uncaught) I do solemnly protest that I have eat English potatoes as good as Irish! However, they fairly beat us in fowls.—By way of description, say they are "as delicate as those of Normandy."

Quote Sir John Harrington, to prove that as the Irish formerly "did not *much broil or roast* their meat, it was *crude*." Establish their cleanliness by poetical authority.—"*The hero with the breast of snow*," though he could not have been a very warm-hearted fellow, was certainly not a dirty dog.

"In the *open deportment*" of the Irish ladies, "the libertine finds no encouragement." "Their modesty *must* be the subject of remark and eulogy with every stranger." Now comes the question, who is modest—She,

"Quæ tegit faciem cum indusio suo."

Nugæ Venales.

"*Connubial defection*" very rare. "This effect *defective*, comes by cause," which I could not discover, or my fair countrywomen should have the advantage of it.—It was certainly not produced by potatoes! "I saw only two old maids," all the time I was here—but that was a sight!

Note.—"Good maids! as my mother was, the first hour I was born.'—Shakspeare.

"The commonest women in Dublin are remarkable for the whiteness of the bosom."—A traveller should see every thing! They are fine stout

manly creatures—" powerfully made, and able to protect themselves." They are " frequently *highly* educated; very few do not speak French fluently, and many speak it" so that it sounds like French. Their "*brogue*" is vastly agreeable.

Their beauty consists of white and red.—Their *skin* is white and their *lips* are *red*, so that, to use the simile of a certain poet, they look " like strawberries, smothered with cream." Many of them, it is true, resemble the beauties of Persia. One of them is thus described by Hafiz, "fat were her haunches and her face like a full moon."

Duelling here has "subsided," but has still " a wide latitude of action." " The revenge of a bruiser is that of a blackguard," you may take my word for it; but that of a duellist is gentlemanly. However, speaking for myself, I don't like either; and have hit on a mode of curtailing the practice. —Let no duels be fought unless " the cause is of an imperious nature," and as there are few such, " the remedy would then be *more rarely* sought."

Bought a pamphlet called, " Advice to Seconds."—Called on a gentleman to breakfast—observed his shirt airing—" it was patched at the bottom in two places."—The patches were there in consequence of a pistol—I was sorry that he was shot *at the bottom*. When Lord C. invites a

party to dine with him, he fences all the morning at the wainscot, to get his hand in. An Irishman, "after having several of his teeth knocked out, an eye closed, and the bridge of his nose broken," in a quarrel which he knows nothing of, will call it "a bit of fun." They are in fact the most mild, gentle, and dispassionate creatures living!

The Irish send people "*to Coventry*;" which is, I think, carrying the joke *too far*.

Give a list of their authors, artists, &c.—I dare say you can make out 140 or 150; print them in two columns, and they will fill nearly four quarto pages.—Who will not have a book, in which his name appears?

MEMS. FOR CAP. XI.

LET us now look at "the character of the low Irish, a little closer?"—having ascertained their cleanliness, there can be "no offence i' th' world."

"Pat's wit and warmth of heart are his own," and so are his clothes and the warmth of his body, for he stands before us "in mudder's (mother's) *nakedness*."—"I speak of him in a quiescent state." What is not his own wont be easily guessed—"his errors and their consequences!" These are "not to be registered against *him*," but somebody else; I don't know who.

In "quick conception, (I don't here mean the women) they are equalled only by the *Russians*."—They have always been famous for hay-makers, but they do not stop there, for they "make bridles, stirrups, and cruppers of the hay," which they made.

The potatoe may be a cause of fruitfulness, but Dr. Campbell assures us that the Irish are like Mr. Shandy, "*short*"—he ascribes it to the diet, but "I do not see how meagre diet is likely to *curtail* a man." From my observations they have grown, or the breed has improved since the doctor was there in 1777.

"The lower orders will occasionally *lie*, and so will the lower orders of any other country, unless they are instructed better"—(and very often if they are)—"and so we should all;" even travellers! "It has been asserted, that the low Irish are addicted to pilfering"—they never robb'd me; but perhaps a Cambridge man is safe, "CANTAB *it vacuus* coram latrone viator."

> Of thieves the Cantab has no dread,
> Whose purse is empty as his head.

Drunkenness, to the great honour of the city, has "principally confined itself to Dublin."

The common people receive the rudiments of knowledge and the light of science from an "*uncharactered* itinerant," a "miserable breadless being," who opens a school *in a ditch*, scorning the pomp of Plato and the groves of Academus. The head of this college *rarely* takes money.

These "boors take off their hats" to each other.—This I call "civility." If one meets "a boy after his own heart," he is styled "a *cam*-rogue"—Query—*dam ?* "If you ask a common fellow which is the way to a place, he will take off his hat, and if he does not know it, he will take care not to tell you so," but "appeal to his imagination".—Now, I call this such an excess of *civility* as is really too much !

"The *peasantry* are uncommonly attached to their ancient *melodies*"—

"Gentle airs, *melodious* strains,"

This is probably because they

"Call for *raptures* out of wo."

Athaliah.

By those who are "capable (they are few) of appreciating the *unrivalled* extent of his genius, *Viotti* is admired," and *Wolff*, whom they call *Woful.* They make sad work, by the bye, with names, but not always without design. I have ben told that when Mons. *Didelot* had acquired great fame in England, they insisted upon it that he was an Irishman, who, by a transposition of sounds, had Frenchified his name, which really was *O'Diddle.*

Kelly is, of course, an Apollo in their e
On my observing that it was the opinion in E
land that he obtained all his music from abr
and never composed any himself; one "
foundly learned" *Irishman*, more candid than
rest, anima candidior, (see motto,) said, "
by Jasus I would not have him say in writin
his book that he is the composer, but I w
have him put the word used by old translat
and say the music done by Mic. Kelly, w
you know he might honestly, since he does nc
any of it himself." I told this same *lite*
gentleman, that when Mr. Kelly left the stage
intended as well as music-seller, to turn w
merchant; and that Mr. Sheridan's opinion
ing asked, he cried, Ay do, Kelly, and put
the door "*Importer* of music, and compose
wine." "*By Jasus*," (if an *Irishman* sp
without this oath, depend upon it he's an *I*
lishm[illegible],) "by Jasus," exclaimed the gentlen
"then and didn't I say he was a man of *imp*
ance!"

All this to be left out of the quarto. The
must praise every body, or I must not say
thing about them.

"Sir J. Hawkins affirms that Dubourg o
wished to enjoy an Irish *fair*."—This is equ
cal. See whether you can make any thing o

"A Sunday with the peasantry" (and some others) "in Ireland is not *unlike* the *same* day in France." at their anniversaries, "many droll things are said, and many heads are broken."—These must be *good hits!* Revenge here is very lazy, it "rises not with the morning,"—but it gets up before nght, viz. An Irishman begged a lodging of a priest, who said there were but two beds in the house "one for himself, and the other for his niece."—Pat took an opportunity of slipping the bellows into the young lady's bed, and in five days after "found it there still," which proves the old saying that "priests are not capons."

Extract an account of Irish howling for the dead, from a "sprightly tourist, whose name does not appear to his book."—Strange neglect of fame! After a fit of sorrow, and the fathers and mothers are drunk, "the youth become *more enterprising* and are frequently *successful.* It is said that more matches are made at wakes than at weddings."—*Matches;* bastards, Miss Edgeworth; so you should have said in this passage of your "*admirable* work, called Rack Rent." I quit their "*mortuary peculiarities.*" Their curses are "whimsical."—"May God bless you!" is one—an *Irish* one.

On the anniversary of Saint Patrick's day "they get very tipsy"—and they have once or twice been

seen so at *other* times On this day they "walk through the streets with *trifolium pratense*, or, as they call it," (poor ignorant people !) "*shamrock*, in their hats." Describe this revel by inserting three pages of Swift's version of "O'Rourke's feast."—This O'Rourke had "private assignations" with Queen Elizabeth, who was "enamoured *with* him," and, as I have read in a quarto book, written by "a gentleman of an erratic turn," she was "*indulgent*" to him. O Bess, Bess!

They kindle bonfires "on Mid-summer eve, to propitiate the sun to ripen the fruits of the earth." This I think very stupid—how much wiser would it be to place "a bowl of whisky on his altar"—that would be new, and "novelty" is "*acceptable*" to the sun.

"In the last century, every great family in Ireland had a banshee; i. e. a fairy."—"These agreeable supernatural visitors have not been seen *for some time.*"

"Different sexes crowded together in one room in a cabin" is not the cause of "indecency and consequent sensual depravity"—"the contrary is the case *I was informed*-"——"There is no indecency in nakedness," Dr. Campbell *admirably* observes;—"but emotions will arise on seeing the *lady stepping over the stile*," as he admirably

adds. Tell some of your French stories about visiting collections of "naked figures," with ladies of "unsullied modesty, who *critically* pointed out to you all their *minuter* beauties."

"The acute discernment" of women made a "sad mistake in the adoption of the rage for *semi-nakedness*."—I hate to see things done by halves. A pretty woman perfectly "nude" is not only perfectly modest herself, but the cause of modesty in others. "An ancient legislator, who knew the passions, to *lessen* the influence of women over men, exposed the former naked."—"The lady of mountainous bulk" looks particularly ill when in semi-nudity, and as she is, "like Falstaff, in a state of *perpetual dissolution and thaw*," it would be more modest for appearance, and much better for coolness, if she went stark naked, and "larded the lean earth" as she made it groan beneath her step. I shall *dwell* on this subject no longer.

Yet one word more;—and then I shall, as the poet says, "leave a last long lingering look behind." Lady M. W. Montagu has, in her letters, with infinite modesty, observed—"if people went naked, it was always my opinion that the face would be least admired" and to further this desirable end, I beg leave to assert that it is absolutely obscene to wear any dress.—My authority

is a French writer of great eminence. "Ne sçait-on, pas" dit il, "que les statues et les tableaux n' offensent les yeux que quand un mêlange de vêtemens rend les nudités obscenes?" He adds that the immediate power of the senses is weak and confined, but is powerfully assisted by the imagination, which is brought into action by the means of such dresses as the ladies wear at present, and would not be at all concerned, if they were to appear without any. The modern toilette is full of art.—If they shew little, it is to make you desire to see more; if an obstacle intercepts the sight, it is the better to irritate the imagination; and, if they conceal one part of the object, it is but to lend a charm to that which is not exposed :—

Heu! male tum mites defendit pampinus uvas

Alas how badly then, the airy leaves
Defend the fair ripe grapes o'er which they hang!

The morality, decency, propriety, and modesty of going naked, being clearly proved, I shall state the *only* reason why the fashion is not likely to be adopted. It has this objection: We often hear people say, such a dress carries its *date* with it; now nakedness would have this defect in a high degree.—The *primitive* dress of a woman at *fifty*, would carry its *date* with it.—Artificial habiliments, on the contrary, bear no such stamp,

for *sixty* and sixteen, as we daily see with more mirth than sorrow, wear the same bright colours, the same soft downy plumage! Truth, however, would benefit by it, and the old monkey would be known by his rump! But I beg pardon for urging any point on the *slight* ground of truth, morality and modesty.

I have frequently remarked on "the ingenuity" of the Irish.—If they have few tools, they put them to many uses. A common fellow (one of the ingenious) will sweep "down a flight of stairs with his wig, and wear it afterwards." Apropos of wigs.—In St. Giles, in London, "after dinner a little boy, with a wig on his head, walks round the table for the guests to wipe their fingers upon."—I always admired this custom, and have thought myself an ancient Roman at the time, for *they* wiped their hands on the hair of their slaves, which was suffered to grow long for the purpose.

Nothing like travelling.—I used to have my prejudices, but now, since I've been in France, I know that the French are not *all lean men*, and Ireland has convinced me that an Irishman can speak for some time without making a bull. If they make more bulls than the English, it is owing to the "quickness of their thoughts," or wit.—An Irishman frequently "discharges his answer," "*before* the question," and "another

is ready to follow," which accounts for his always being beforehand with you.

"To return to *Joe*." To shew with what little consideration they speak, relate how Pat betted a wager that a fellow-bricklayer did not carry him up a high ladder, and bring him down safe.—The carrier winning, "Pat said, by Jasus, he tipt once as we were coming down, and I was in hopes I should have won."

These *facts* exhibit *some* reading, and knowledge of *antiquity*.

MEMS. FOR CAP. XI.

[*Have two Chap. XI. in the quarto.*]

I have got on so badly with respect to bulls in Ireland, that, lest the reader should be disappointed, I must endeavour to carry a hot-press into other quarters. Let's see—where can I rummage?—An *intelligent traveller in Ireland* must not omit a stock of bulls, *coûte qui coûte*, let him get them how he can. I'll put down a few old ones for the present; perhaps I may recollect some others by and by.

"Lexicographical" Littleton's amanuensis, coming to the word *concurro*, said, "In English I suppose *concur?*"—"Concur," cried the disapproving doctor, "*cóndog!*" Down went *condog* directly, as the interpretation of *concurro*, and it appears in Ed. 1678. What is *very surprising*, and most worthy of remark, "it has been expun-

ged, and *does not appear in subsequent editions ! !*"

Condog is a *bull.*

" I have *frequently* seen in the windows of houses in London, the following notice : " A good first and second floor to be let *unfurnished, with every other convenience.*" This will do.—If I had the pointing of most writings, I could make nonsense of them.—I believe that art won't be denied me ! Suppose the comma came after *let*, then there would be too much sense for my purpose, in " *unfurnished with* every other convenience". See now to what a length bad punctuation will lead.—A poor woman at Shoreham, whose husband was going to sea, handed through the clerk, to the parson, this public prayer :— " A man going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of this congregation."—The parson, pointing it in his own way, read to the ears of his flock.—" A man, going to see his wife, desires the prayers of this congregation," and set them all in a titter.

Ridicule " Dr. Heylyn, the cosmographer," and consider him as betraying a shameful ignorance of *geography*, because he once " lost his way on a *common.*' '

I " enrol myself in the list of English *blunderers.*" In my northern tour I wrote " Goliah for

Sampson."—"I shall not be charged with *vanity*" for mentioning this, though perhaps I may with forgetfulness, for not recollecting many more and much greater blunders.

"To return to *Joe*,"—there is no *travelling* without him. A Frenchman, who was disgusted at our stage funerals in Hamlet, &c. observed, in his tour here, that this was not the only instance of our delight in gloomy objects, since, in almost every street, there were little theatres opened, in which "*funerals were performed.*"

These are but mere oxen; now I come to "perfect bulls." A student at Cambrige being asked what he wanted a number of oranges for—answered, "to make lemonade." The respondent in this cause was "*of high classical attainments*," therefore he did not laugh when he discovered his important mistake, but "was *overwhelmed* with *astonishment* and *confusion*." Poor soul! Give half a dozen figurative expressions in the poets, and term them bulls.

You may call this verse in Virgil a bull.

Moriamur, et in media arma ruamus.

Let us rush into the fight and die,

Never mind what others think, who know better.

A man's having declared that he would not "venture into the water until he had learned to swim," is quite new—if you call it "a *French* bull."

"If it were necessary, *I would* produce fifty more instances" "to prove that bulls are diffused all over the world." If the reader doubts it, let him "return to *Joe.*"—that's my proof.

A foreigner "wishes that *shall* and *will* had never been heard of." An Irishman will say, if I eat that, I *will* have the belly ache. Ignorant dog, he should say *aitch;* shouldn't he, Mr. Kemble? I do like that Kemble—he's just such another *Minutius Felix* as myself.—What a cobweb brain he has: how he catches the *little* flies! Their is a figure called oxymoron, of which Mr. Kemble furnishes a fine example—the *little great* man.

Don't insert in the quarto this examplification of the use of *will* for *shall*, nor the following—they are too good:—however I'll put them down in "*my pocket book.*" A tague fell into the river, and just as he was about to be drowned, he cried out—By Jasus, I *will* be drowned, and nobody *shall* help me!

The pronunciation in London of "w as v, or v

as w," illustrated by a conversation that actually "*passed* between a citizen and his servant," will become the dignity of the large book.—

"*Cit.* Villiam, I vants my vig.
"*Ser.* Vitch vig, sir ?
"*Cit.* Vy, the vite vig in the vooden vig box, vitch I vore last Vens-day at the Westry."

The introduction of these pieces of information is what I call being "a *stranger* in Ireland."—By the way, I may as well, amongst the bulls, notice my denominating this work "*A tour in Ireland.*"

It has been thought that the Irish are not partial to labour, but so far from that being true, they have a "*favourite* day in the week for work." —Monday is the day. Here a scrap of antiquarian knowledge—"It has been asserted that some of the customs which discriminated the Irish from the English were derived from the north of Europe," but how can that be, when the Germans get drunk on Monday, and the Irish work: the latter call it *black* Monday, and the former *blue* ? Say that the Germans name it *blue*, because they beat one another *blue* on that day.—Perhaps you might add, that the *blue devils* come from the north.—To this moment no one has ventured a guess on the subject.

The Emperor Francis abolished blue Monday, but it would not do— it "*is still blue.*"—It is a pity the emperor did not think of sending for the Irish, they would have "stripped it of its *azure vest*, and clothed it in *a suit of sables.*" Every man, says *Jean Jaques*, is *figurative* in his expressions, except a block-head and a mathematician.—I am sure I am not the latter.

"Very few" bastards in Ireland. *The native pride of the low Irish, ill-directed by ignorance, is the frequent source of many of their better qualities.* "Beggary is thought odious," but it is so common here, that they don't seem to me to act up to their principle. "No one, however pinched, could ask for alms in his own neighbourhood." This is inversely to the man who could not cry at a moving sermon, because it was not his parish.—But for the motive of not asking alms in their own neighbourhood.—Though the women are *so modest*, Irish*men* are not *proverbially* so, therefore it can't be always thought modesty.—Is there no other reason for not begging where *one's known?*

At Killarney, formerly, it was thought better to be a *beggar, than a sorry tradesman.*—As it is no longer so now, this race has probably emigrated to England, where we meet with many of that way of *thinking.*

With all the "literary passion" of the Irish, they are very indignant at being taught for nothing, and frequently remain, by preference, in profound ignorance of letters.—This is proved by the "gratuitous schools," to which they will not go.—I have jumped upon a scheme how to trick these *literary* folks out of their ignorance—let them pay "only a tester at the end of the year."

The women *here* like their children. "*Ireland* is not cursed with *English* poor laws: there are no pauper houses here, into which a child can cast the hoary-headed infirm author of his days." The comfortable advantage of the absence of this curse is evident.—The infirm parent is not given up to a parochial officer," who can take care of him, but has "the soothing endearments of filial gratitude," which, if not shewn by running away from him, must in general be exhibited by starving together.

Of their "docility, I *could* relate many instances."—That no doubt may exist on this point, quote two pages and a half from Mr. Bell.—Call it "his *admirable* pamphlet,"—he'll thank you, and you'll have reason to thank him.

It is highly absurd in our government to think of producing peace and good will amongst the Irish by force.—Go and talk prettily to them,

and it's done.—Dr. Stevenson used "a course of civilities and *gentle expressions.*" "Behold the fruits of a deportment like this! In one day six hundred rebels surrendered." My tour and Virgil have taught me that this is the way, *pectora mulcere*, to milk a boar.

Subpœna Gordon, Davis, and Spenser, to prove their courage. Rebellion is not *natural* to them. With all the virtues under the sun, they are "sunk in the scale of society."—"Who would believe it?" There is here a sort of "*middle*-men," but they do not confirm the "in *medio* tutissimus," for they are "ravenous wolves," between the "proprietor and the occupant of the land."

"The soil thus circumstanced resembles a starved horse carrying treble"—a *base* thing. Now, it is a new saying, that when two ride on a horse, one must ride behind; but this is a fresh case, and here it would seem as if *two* must ride behind.—These two are the proprietor and the tenant, while the "*middle*-man" rides *first;* so a horse in Ireland, with three on his back, is *a bull!*

An *Irish peasant, on his potatoes and milk, lives like an English hog;* with this difference, that the latter never eats "a Sunday bit of

pork" which the former sometimes does.—To complain therefore of his associating with "his cow, his dog, and his pig," would be inconsistent. Were I *the pig*, however, I should be very shy of keeping his company!

I have told the story of the barber's thrusting his wig into a cannon's mouth to stop it. Indeed they have no idea of the force of a shot, but think that a hat would stop it directly. Therefore when an Irishman rushes to battle, resolved to die, he "*uncovers his head*, and *bows it to the bullet* of his enemy."

Recapitulate all their virtues already touched upon. Being in their misery "unrivalled in *gaiety of heart*," recommend them to government, that it may, like the doctor, "alter *all* that."

I appeal, not to the affections or humanity, but to the justice of every one, to whom chance may direct these pages." Pooh! that might do for "my pocket-book," but it won't do for *a quarto;* for *chance* might *direct* it to give them a very clumsy thump, and I had better appeal to their *humanity*. Consider this and go on praising Ireland.

MEMS. FOR CAP. XIII.

IN September, when other young men of my country are *idly* employed in shooting, or pursuing what could be very well done without, I visited the Lake of Killarney. After having once left Dublin, and returned, you must, to go to Killarney, "again quit the capital."—If not, By Jasus, the devil a bit of Killarney will you see, unless you let somebody else look for you!

"Stopped at Naas."—See, when you get home, what Dr. Ledwich and Spenser say about the Danish mounts in this country. This is the place for it.

As I *guess* that I am principally writing for women, it will be necessary to shew a little sensibility for *dumb animals*—though I can't well see how women are interested in any thing of the kind. *N'importe.*—"The result of an *anxious*

and active inquiry" respecting horses' tails is, that Mr. Young was right, in 1780, to affirm that they "ploughed and harrowed with their horse drawing by the tail;" but, "it is *with real pleasure*" I state that this misery is no longer entailed upon them. It was supposed to *refresh* them, which "reminds one of the farmer in England sewing up the jaws of a ferret," when being expostulated with, he said "Why, domen, mon, her likes it, her be used to it."*

Excuse my adverting again to "the felicity of their native *wit*."—Never mind the "farranta foras, or ancient graves."—Come along with me to the "little stands of *shoe-blacks*" in Dublin, the festive seat of "whim and pleasantry." Once upon a time, an Englishman paying them with rudeness, "a dirty urchin" but a *wit*, said "By my shoul! all the *polish* you have is upon your boots, and I gave it you." If wit were more *polite* than it generally is, it seems that these beaux esprits *give it* all away.

* 1807. I fear that I have made some mistake here. Gen Doyle, this session, said it happened in *Ireland*. I think too that I have confounded the skinning of an eel with the ferret story, by saying, "Her be used to it."—That's *Joe*'s fault. The general is certainly neater with his "Domun, mon, doant ye see how hur snubs up hur nose—hur loikes it."

Now be " at Kildare."—I may be thought no *conjuror*, but I am though.—

Ut MAGUS; *et modò me Thebis, modò ponit Athenis.*

Here are a nunnery and an abbey, the abbot of which was, " for several years, under the petticoat government of the abbess of this house;" i. e. the nunnery, and it does not appear that he suffered any " taint from the pestiferous breath of scandal." " Thank God" that the ladies of Ireland, through St. Brigid, have so much *modesty* and so little *celibacy*. St. Brigid's " inextinguishable" fire, was " *puffed out*" by the Archbishop of Dublin, in 1220.

In this place in the 14th century, was born " David O'Buge," a learned Carmelite, who was called " the *burning light.*"—Query—*O'Bougie* —quasi, Wax taper?—Let the epithet *luminous*, so frequently and stupidly applied to *Gibbon*, be transferred to this gentleman, and, that the former may lose nothing by it, call him *vo-luminous.*

Farther query—Had this " burning light" any relation to what is styled *a burning shame?* When you return to town, consult Mr. Winsor, who has a patent for " light and heat."

Aproaching the Bog of Allan, have a conversation on the mutability of things. Your " in-

telligent fellow traveller," who knows better than you do that there is no *punctum stans*, is reminded of one of Dean Kirwan's sermons, who, in more words, states the novel proposition that nothing is *constant but inconstancy*. Praise the dean and quote the passage at length.

Hitherto I could not have seen fewer *bogs* if I had been travelling in Scotland. "This was the first bog I had ever seen in Ireland." It is a "*false* notion that *a bog* is *a collection of mud*," and that people can't "walk upon it." In England I confess that I have experienced, *up to my middle*, that the *notion* was not *false*, and I should not be *surprised* if an Englishman, who had never seen any other, should form this "false notion;" but here people walk, cattle graze, and *a bog* is a source of "curiosity and *amusement*." As for the latter, so are ours, as I recollect, from the conduct of the by-standers when I fell in!

That the turf bogs are "*miasmatic* and *insalubrious*," is an error.—The country folks *preserve* their *butter* in the bogs. They also hide it in trunks of trees, where, though it becomes "almost *friable*, yet it is not devoid of *unctuosity*." "*A cobler*," overwhelmed in one of these *bogs*, was "afterwards *reclaimed*," and looked as if he

had "been *embalmed.*" I had no such appearance when I came out of mine in England!

They "form, of the bog oak," an useful ornament called "*bannisters.*" The word is Irish and signifies the same thing as *balusters* in English.

The softness and *embalming nature* of a bog," puzzle my "philosophical investigation" of the subject. How bogs have been produced I am at a loss to say; but grant me an "*if*" and I think I could tell. Indeed I could move St. Paul's *if* I was able! The "appearance of *ignition* at the bottom of the trunks" of trees, found in the bogs, "has not hitherto been satisfactorily accounted for." I however have no doubt, from what "I saw in Sweden," that it arose from *fire.* "I make these remarks with diffidence."

Hit the priests, or "*cowled fraternity.*" Say, that as the monastic remains are near bogs, *it is proved*, that they were once "covered with rich fields and beautiful woods".—It might be said, if it was not too strong, that the locust is never found where there is nothing to eat. In these bogs have been discovered bugle horns.—If you *sound* them, they make a noise—and if you blow hard, and without skill, they produce a "loud, wild note." "A reclaimed bog" is a very uncertain gentleman, for if he is not "kept drain-

ed," he "will *relapse*." How kindly watchful our ministers are in this respect? If *draining the country* will do, we've nothing to fear!

Badly off as many of the natives are with regard to their wardrobes, the bogs have no reason to complain.—Those who used to wear a "covering of russet," are now frequently seen in "a *robe* of green or yellow."

There are people in these bogs, "whose employment is *to bore*." This was no novelty to me, nor can it be to *my* readers. Describe, by quoting a letter, "*a moving bog*." It will shew that a traveller may sometimes *meet* a bog in Ireland, which, as I said before, can never happen in Scotland. The *bogs have the dropsy*, especially the *moving* ones, which is rather surprising, considering their active and simple mode of living. "This subject is a very interesting one," but as we elegantly express it, "too much of a good thing is good for nothing!"

"I was much gratified with Roscrea."—The country "is *flat*"—"A source of gratification to an antiquarian." The road from Roscrea to Limerick interests you "with partial patches of fertility and bog. I saw all the specimens of the latter, black, white and red." These coloured robes are to be added to the russet, green and yellow dresses already mentioned.

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"A short way before we reached Limerick, I beheld *a small island*, resembling an *emerald*." It was curiously *set* in "a vast brown bog"—"the appearance was very singular." It was, perhaps, in reality an emerald—I did not go close enough to determine. What makes it less unlikely, is, that Shakspeare talks of a "*world of* one entire and perfect *chrysolite*." This was only "a small island."

I am sorry that I neglected to examine the water about this isle; it is probably of the same sort as that of the river of *Emeralds*, in the province of Quito, which runs into the Pacific Ocean.

The chalybeate spa at Castleconnell—the delight of those who like "to enjoy some of the finest displays of nature," and to get rid of "liver and bilious affections."

Baal's Bridge." Limerick gloves are made at Dublin. This was told me in a *whisper*. Limerick, if I may use a pretty expression, is "*veiled in smoke*" and here nothing ever stands still for a moment. "Cars, horses, and inhabitants are in *constant* motion."

MEMS. FOR CAP. XIV.

AT Limerick, "in the cathedral I saw nothing." That will be worth mentioning, and thus "nothing worthy of notice" will be made *something* of.

Limerick beef enables the sailor "to endure the fatigue of the blockade, and the peril of the battle"—therefore "O the roast *beef* of old *England*" is a bull.

The prosperity of the town has beat the inns hollow—they can't keep an "equal pace." Dirty and ill-attended, they have still "*excellent wine*, at four shillings per bottle." I always inquire *deeply* into this.—"Good wine," says Shakspeare, "is a good familiar creature, if it be well used"—it was constantly my custom to "*well use*" it, and the reader may have perceived that I always found it good. Here I ate some cow-

beef, but, alas! a subject of much deeper interest is to be found." "If you take *the trouble of walking* over Thomond's Bridge," you may enter the house of *industry*. A subject so melancholy as this should, coming into an *Irish* tour, be, I think, enlivened by a bull, therefore I shall proceed thus: *Under the roof of this house*, I saw mad men stark naked, girded only by their irons, *standing in the rain in an open court*, attended by women."—In the wards of labour, prostitutes "are associated throughout the day with respectable old female house-keepers, who, having no children to support them, to prevent famishing, seek this wretched asylum." Happy Ireland! Not to be *cursed*, as I said before, with *poor laws*, *or parochial officers*, to take care of the infirm, old, and helpless! Large sums having been raised for the erection of mad-houses; ask "how has this money been applied?" It is the easiest way in the world of seeming sensible.

Say you *need not relăte* something, but relate it nevertheless—that's proving as you go. Three of these "naked subjects" had lost their senses "by an excess of mathematical research, love, and drunkenness." "A more *affecting and expressive* groupe for the pencil could not be presented."

When a mad-man recovers his *reason*, he becomes attached to those who are kind to him. Talking of lunatics, it would not be amiss here to bring in Lord Erskine.—He has, in his official situation, as lord high chancellor of England, promised to take special care of lunatics and ideots—Praise him—call him "that wonderful man"—"transcendant genius,"—"consummate in wisdom," "unexampled in promptitude and purity"—I know no man that will like it better. —True, it has been said of almost every other chancellor, but that's of no consequence. No one was ever known to complain of the eulogy, therefore it has the advantage of practical experience to recommend it.

"I am *far* from thinking that the love of wealth has *indurated* the feelings of the inhabitants of Limerick," but, with respect to their fellow creatures, I do *fear* that they have no more bowels than a fiddle. "I have not the vanity," (I may as well say so) "to conclude, that *the page* which I am now writing, will ever reach *the place upon which I write.*"—I don't mean the desk—but I hope it will act the part of a bailiff, and "*arrest* the eye" of some one, who may influence them to behave more like christians. "Want of health" (which keeps most other people at home), "has sometimes made a wanderer of me"— and in these excursions it will never be known what

a deal of good I have done.—In Howard's way I mean—marry, philanthropically.

"Limerick is *enrolled* in the page of English history,"—and I, for one, am not surprised at it. If I were to write a history of England, there should be more extraneous matter, and less of what might be reasonably expected there, than ever appeared in any history yet known. I am acquainted with a gentleman who wrote a topographical account of a little obscure village, which he comprised, by means of travelling out of the record, in *four volumes, quarto.* I once observed of him, that if he undertook to compose a history of the world, he must have another world to hold the books! That's the sort of writer I like.

"The Shannon, to which I again recur with *uncommon delight*, as the *majestic Thames* of Ireland, derives its source like *Genius*, expanding from a humble origin."—How *I* happened to know any thing about *genius* will be a bone for the critics! "Spenser has celebrated this noble river,"—so have I.

"In the lakes and rivers a species of trout, called gilderoy, is caught, remarkable for having a *gizzard* like that of a fowl."—I had these *lights* thrown upon the subject, by one who had been a *liver* on this fish for some time. Limer-

ick gaol is " well designed and executed."—It does well, according to Hamlet, for those who do ill ; *argol*, 'tis "well-designed."—As to *execution*, one might expect to find it there.

The theatre is small, and the population is great, therefore of course they are not exactly " suitable." More " native *wit* of the low Irish," but from a different class. " Those *important personages* who have precedence in all markets," briefly, *butchers*, have generally more fat than wit, but still *cutting* things are not quite out of their way.

Grose, the antiquarian, was " delighted with the wit of the low Irish,"—it might have been guessed from his name. He tells the story that a butcher, seeing his unweildly size, as he walked in the market, requested this favour : "When your friends, said he, ask you of whom your honour buys *your beef*, pray say that it is of me."

I heard, *for the first time*, several beggars, on Thomond's Bridge, talking Irish, and I thought " some words sounded very *sweet*." Here shew your hyper-philological taste, by admiring the Irish. " A brief review of the language" before setting off for the Lake of Killarney.

I know nothing about it, but I shall say, first, that " it is remarkable for the varieties of its

powers : it is *affecting*, *sweet*, *dignified*, *energetic and sublime*." It abounds in "*synonima*."—Consult some learned friend, for, pretty as this word sounds, I suspect that it's not English, Latin, or Greek.

The *low Irish* have a proverbial saying, "When you plead for your life, plead in Irish." What they mean by it I can't tell, but I suppose it's *wit*. Now let us be a little more profound. "*Connas ta tu*, is *how are you?*" They say something very near the same, "I am told," in Italian, when they want to know how you do.—No wonder the Irish is *sweet*. Give eleven words as "a little specimen" of this "*dignified*, *energetic*, and *sublime*" language—

The devil, - - - - -	*Diabal.*
A pint, - - - - - -	Pinta.
A Cow, - - - - -	*Bo !* &c.

Henry Flood made a bequest to maintain "a professorship of the native Irish," but it is "to vanish into *thin air*," because he wanted the grace to leave what he had a right to dispose of—a hard case !

Sir Laurence Parsons on the Phœnicians settling in Ireland, and Col. Vallencey on Hanno the Carthaginian's Irish speech, in Plautus, will fill

four pages :—that's not to be sneezed at, in writing a quarto.

After so much about the "Carthaginian origin of the Irish," how can I make an honourable retreat without settling any thing? Confess the fact at once I believe, and say "As I have not the smallest fragment of antiquarian armour to buckle on me, it would be infatuation to engage in this Punic war"—though I do not know but that I am, according to Swift's idea, as well qualified to wage a *pun*-ic war as any man living.

MEMS. FOR CAP. XV.

HERE is a rare opportunity for writing a chapter with my scissars. I can affirm that the *Irish language* "is finely adapted to *lyric* poetry," and, if I recollect right, I have at home a copy of Miss Brooke's Reliques of Irish Poetry, a *scarce* book, from which I can extract eleven pages of this stuff—all *in English*, to prove it.

MEMS. FOR CAP. XVI.

"*A Travelling Hint.*"—"There are *no stages* or *regular posting* to Killarney," therefore it is good to have this hint, lest you should get into one of the stages, or begin a regular sort of posting! Hire a chaise to "go all the way for four guineas, and change your notes, on the day you start," for those of Roches, bankers in this place, or you'll find that you'll not be able, as the song has it, to "change your notes tomorrow." At Limerick, Kerry, and Cork, *a banker is as common as a potato.* I saw one who had "*failed for five guineas.*" The failure produced great consternation, and credit *no doubt suffered* a violent injury.—"These *Musquito* bankers have shocking temptations to fraud."

About seven o'clock, A. M. when the *blanket of the morning* was as wet as heart could wish it not to be, "I bade adieu to Limerick, so famous for *pretty women and pork.*" I say bade adieu

but the fact is, after the stinging epithet, *Musquito*, applied to the bankers, who were *as numerous as potatoes*, I was afraid to stay—

"————Etimens lædi
His posteriora dedi."

"So fearing an unlucky thump,
I stole a march, and turn'd my rump."
Barnaby.

You cannot leave Adair, the first place you come to, "without heaving a sigh for poor mortality." It does not cost much, it's true, but it would be as well if one could know why.

"My driver was a very good humoured fellow." I obtained *all* my information respecting the monastery from him—he "stuttered most *unintelligibly*." Upon the road I met "*pigs* checked in their *erratic* disposition," by tying one fore and hind leg together.—I am glad they don't serve men of *erratic* dispositions in any such manner!

"I ascended those great mountains which rise between Rathkeale and Abbeyseale." These mountains are very awkwardly situated. A mountain's top here is not its own top, but the bottom of another. "The summit of one mountain proved, when we had reached it, to be only the base of another"—it was not so before we reached it!

The evening was "shrouded in black clouds," and I had a scene of "universally deep-embrowned sterility."—There is the true *curious felicity* of language.

At Abbeyseale, for supper, they gave me "a fowl who had lost his head."—I did not half like this; but thinking they were too simple to mean any thing personal, I proceeded to dissect it, when I certainly found that it had not "more *tenderness* than doth become" a chicken—I therefore spared his body as well as my own teeth, and had recourse to a "pyramid of fried pork, and a pint of *excellent* port wine."

In Ireland smoking is a more affectionate amusement than in England. There two smoke a *single pipe*. It is improved upon by the Dutch, who, at tea, suck the same piece of sugar, suspended over the tea-table by a string from the ceiling. This is one of their *social sweets*.—It is said that when the *new penny pieces* first appeared, a soldier offered one to a salesman, for a pair of stockings, who "returned a tester in exchange with the stockings."—this must have been a *pretty* penny.

On leaving Castle Island, which I did "with infinite pleasure"—(I must not *always* regret the beauties I quit)—I made some very valuable

discoveries; such as will be found worthy of my immortal page! I have often observed in life that there is much laughter without mirth, but, I believe that such an abundance of crying, as you hear in Ireland, without sorrow, is peculiar to that country. The perpetual yelling at an Irish funeral is merely pro forma, or sham. Abraham—no sign of grief, but a method of making themselves dry, as I imagine, that they may be able to drink the more whisky. But to matters *more serious*. "In these mountainous regions," if a dog catches you with a *pair of breeches* on, he barks at you—it is supposed that the dogs have been taught this by the women! A dog "*contemplated me*, for some time, as I walked forward." I never was more flattered in my life, for I have no doubt that he took me for a *cynic* philosopher. However, my breeches were on, and, spite of his teeth, he could not help giving "the faithful howl of alarm." His master came immediately, and "threw not a stone, but a bit of turf at him."—Query, *bone* instead of *stone*, since the dog was quiet afterwards, though I still kept on my breeches? Here I saw a match of *obstinacy*, between two animals well pitted for a tough fight. It was a contest in a cabin, between a pig and a man's wife. In Ireland, in *opposition* to our custom, the *mistress* always likes to be *master* of the house—hence perhaps the *novelty* of seeing

a man in these parts with *breeches!* I witnessed this contrast with vast satisfaction, but much I trembled for the poor pigee, seeing the nature of the dispute, and the antagonist a woman;—however, to my great surprise, the pig beat her hollow, and kept possession of the cabin in defiance of her. This sow was named "*Juliana*," probably by the husband, out of kind respect for her prowess, and a sort of subsidy to secure her alliance against the common enemy.

As you approach Killarney, the sides of the mountains appear "blue and purple." These do not "rise from the *earth*," like some I mentioned before, but "from *a sea of vapour*," and, as usual, pop their "heads in the clouds." I must here notice a most singular fact, and well deserving the deep consideration of Mr. Thelwall, who cures defects in the organs of speech. "As we descended into the vale, I found, "that my stuttering driver was quite intelligible." What was gone with his stutter I could not guess, till, attempting to speak, egad I found I had got it myself—he "*had impregnated me with his stuttering*." How I became pregnant with such *a hop step and a jump* family of words is worthy of investigation. My sentiment is, that it was the "*natural* effect of sympathy and association" with the post-boy. Recovering his voice it was his turn to speak, and mine to hear. So, said he,

"here are glens and mountains!" Had his stuttering remained, he could not have made such a *plain* observation. He then kindly wished that they were in England, for *our robbers and murderers* to hide themselves in, for "by my shoul, added he, "they are of no use here." Not being able to speak, I *smiled*—"He shook his head." I could not but think that his opinion of our being infested with murderers was an "*unpleasant* prejudice."

I had "*penciled* in my imagination," which is a spacious blank, "a little romantic place," and called it Killarney, but I discovered my mistake when I saw it, and am happy to confess this my *single* error. "I entered a large town."

Slept at Mrs. Murphy's. To prevent detection, I fastened the "room door with a pair of old snuffers."—Snuffers are sometimes used, you know, to put out as well as to give *light:* By the "lustre of a new *moon*," (my favourite star) I walked to Ross Castle. The scene must be described, by saying it was "too impressive for the pen to convey"—that is, it made such an *impression* that it left none. Go to a chapel—copy the Rev. G. Trahan's epitaph—never neglect this.

"Well mounted," I rode to Mucruss, with my companion, and than myself never a more

"*gentle knight went pricking o'er a plaine*," as my friend Spencer says. Go on, admiring as you go. Mucruss Abby "*influenced*, as soon as seen," (not us, but) "*the bridle* of our horses." I could have almost thought that we were at "*Melrose Abbey*," the abode of wizzard Michael Scott. This abbey is "a *favourite* place of sepulture." "Many Irish kings" are on the *south* side. The *north* is "the devil's side"—and they would appear to be poles asunder—long may they continue so!—I should prefer another neighbourhood. "While I was reading a *pathetic* epitaph," I scented something not so sweet as the morning air. My precipitate retreat has deprived the public of it, for I could not stay to put it down in "*my pocket-book*."

In Madeira there is a "chapel of *all souls*:"—from the number buried here, and speedily turned up, this might be called *all bones*. An Englishman once lived at Mucruss, and passed for a saint, till it was discovered that he was given "to solitary whisky indulgences," when they, the *Irish*, (strange to relate!) lost all veneration for him. His indulgences being *solitary* is supposed to be the reason.

Of "the Turks' Cascade, which falls from the Devil's Punch Bowl, I could not judge." Indeed I have always found it the worst time in the

world to judge of a cascade, when there is "but little water." It costs nine guineas for boats, &c. to see all the lakes. I went for nothing, which is preferable; but consider my object—the immortality of the country depended on the report of my "petteraro."

A rainy day.—Hear some music, which naturally makes you think of the "Irish bard Carolan," and Mr. Walker's memoirs, which, with another touch at *Miss Brookes' reliques*, will furnish six pages. In copying Walker I may repeat Carolan's epigram on O'Flinn, who would not let him into his master's cellar—

> "What pity hell's gates are not kept by O'Flinn!
> So surly a dog would let nobody in—"

but I must reflect on the propriety of saying that this blind bard knew a woman by the feel.

MEMS. FOR CAP. XVII.

DESCRIBE away.—Swift has said—

> " *Descriptions*, tedious, flat, and dry,
> Are introduc'd, the Lord knows why."

That's nonsense—I know *why* as well as any body. At one extremity of Innisfallen is a hollow rock; it is called " the *bed of honour*, and is said to possess a charm against sterility in women " If there was one in Ireland possessed of an opposite virtue for men, it would be a desirable thing. " I saw a holly, with two sorts of leaves, one prickly and the other smooth; they were called male and female leaves." A curious piece of natural history. Style this spot " Paradise," " Tempe," and let " the energies of your imagination *awaken*" into a dream—for you must see what is not there—a monument to *Shakspeare* and a bust of Mrs. Siddons! The word Tempe may well introduce a quotation

from Virgil, Geor. ii. v. 468-9-70—alter it as you like.—But query—is there not something satirical in—

" *Mugitusque* BOUM, mollesque sub arbore somni ?

Should I treat my *gentle* Irish friends in this manner? Is it handsome to describe them by *the bellowing of* BULLS; or to insinuate, by their *balmy sleep beneath the trees*, that they have no Christian snoring place, commonly called bedrooms?

" Oh! that the genius of the lakes!" What now? the reader will cry.—Why Lord Klenmare has lately cut down the woods in Glenaa, and I wanted the genius to have " prevailed upon the noble lord to have spared this *vegetable massacre.*" Now Virgil again—three lines at least. Still one side of Glenaa is " finely *feathered* with *oak.*"

Private Note.—*Vegetable massacre* for felling trees, and *feathered with oak* for I don't know what, are in the first taste of pretty writing.—What gross terms would a writer of mere common-sense have used on such an occasion?—but I, like Ophelia, *turn every thing to prettiness.* Those trees which " the woodman had *denuded*," were made very comfortable in this " *frigida* Tempe," by a " warm brown tint."

If it is not too alarming for the reader, say that here *you* had nearly been "*suffocated*" by a fire of Kilkenny turf in your bed-room.

"I attended the quarter-sessions." "The greatest good humour prevailed in the court." And no wonder:—on a witness blundering, "the solicitor threw the testament, on which he had been sworn, at his head," and the judge, during this time was in his hands holding "the scale of justice," to determine whether the shillings received were weight or not.

"The lower people of Kerry are celebrated for their *classical spirit.*" A gentleman, going to view the seat of Macarthymore, gave his horse to a poor boy at the gate, who told him that he "was then studying the Orations of Cicero."—Query—should he not have taken him in? He would have made a good *Cicerone.*

"Upon our arrival at the castle, we found our horses ready saddled." This reminded me of Branksome Hall and the horses of Lady Walter's "*knights of fame,*"

> "Who quit not their harness bright,
> Neither by day, nor yet by night."

We proceed to *the Gap.* It is a hideous pass, through mountains which looked—to speak pi-

ously—"as if all the *rubbish* of the creation, after the great Creator had completed his work, had been collected together."

Being "no antiquarian," give Ledwick's account of Irish castles at length. The number of whisky-shops makes sacrilege not surprising. There are twenty-five at Killarney, and a candlestick was stolen from the altar without my being at all "surprised." There are many more liquor shops at Brentford and Hounslow—no wonder they murder on the heath!

Glenaa the great object of the lakes—here I caught another cottage *peeping*.

More *wit*. I asked a fellow whether the fruit of the arbutus was wholesome?—He replied, "not too wholesome, your honour" Near the celebrated rock called the Eagle's Nest, the bugle being blown, "we heard the producing sound *after* the echo," which confirms what has been ignorantly doubted, that, in the Lake of Killarney, the echo answers you before you speak! There is no such echo any where but in *Ireland*.

"Some of *our* questions *very strongly* reminded me of some of these in Swift's *witty*, but severe poem, called, A gentle Echo on Women." By *some* of Swift's, I mean the *wittiest*. After

saying this, it will be wiser not to give any of "*our* questions," but a string of Swift's delicate ones.

"Shepherd. What must we do our passion to express?
Echo. *Press.*
&c.

This reply is natural, "the seat of the musical echo," near the upper end of the great range, is "a hollow *bosom.*" They give fanciful names to things. In the Lake of Lough-Earne, a herring boat was wrecked and a fiddler drowned. The fisherman called the spot "*Herring* Island," but he should have named it "*Cremona* Island," because a fisherman ought to like music better than fish.

"We proceeded to Ronan's Island to dinner. *A more beautiful spot I never beheld.*" This mode of expression must be corrected—it occurs too often.—Every spot can't be the most beautiful. Here "Lieutenant-Colonel Heyland, with the experience of a travelled man," (nothing like a travelled man) brought us an excellent dinner. Our *mutton was roasted by a mountain-nymph.* Her husband was one of these "good humoured" Irishmen, who never consider themselves so thoroughly at *peace* and *quiet*, as when they are fighting.

Give a picture of the Upper Lake of Killarney.

Zoffani and many others, in their works, have thrust in their own nobs.—Here you'll find me sitting cross-legg'd under a tree, a most picturesque and interesting object.

Rich as the Irish language is in "*synonima*," they have a bird here that "has no name assigned to it,"—which is very hard. They never could catch one, because there is no such thing as *calling* him.

"Evening and rain came on," upon which I was "full of delight,"—the *pourquoi* follows—because I and the rest were "flushed with the *Tuscan* grape," alias *whisky*. Being drunk "we *shot*—" (don't be alarmed) "the old Weir Bridge, in one of the darkest nights, and descended its fall."—The danger was imminent, but *mayhap* the fate of my companions, as my Lord Duberly says, "lay *another* way;" and as to myself, we all know that *nothing's never in danger*.

To have been king of Killarney, must have been "truly enviable." "The name of Donahue still sounds like royalty in the ear of the surrounding peasantry." "By the *moon's* pale beam they still see the good old king."—Again I say, what has become of the money that was raised to build *mad*-houses?

"The weather setting in very rainy," and I like a cat, not chusing to wet my feet, did not visit Mangerton.—Describe it nevertheless. Once more, I affirm that Irishmen are not "*shorter*" than Englishmen.

I never dined at the mess when I was on the lakes, because it was kept on shore. At other times I did, and discovered that it is not true that "the Irish gentleman is linked to his bottle," any more than the English gentleman; for enjoying "perfect *liberty*," no one got *more* drunk than another. The only appeal to the chair was with regard to one gentleman's drinking unfairly, but that was by no means a drunken Englishman's appeal: for when the chairman offered to fine him a bumper, the other cried, "Och, by Jasus that's not it—he drinks unfair I say, because he has drunk two glasses to my one."

How many times must I tell you that "there is no regular posting" hereabouts? My return to Cork resembled, in some measure, the return to London of ladies of the Cyprian corps, who visit Brighton. They dash down in a chaise, and when they have spent all their money, and exhausted their credit, they mount the roof of the stage coach, and, amidst the unavailing blessings of their creditors, start one fine *Sunday* morning for town.—I came gaily hither in a

chaise, and went back in "*a return Cork chaise,*" for a third of the money,

"On the 17th of Oct. I bade adieu *(posteriora dedi)* to Killarney." Mill-street, a good-sized town, twenty miles distant, is not "indicated in Faden's map."—How can these chart-makers omit any thing, when tourists never do! The road is not only cross itself, but it makes those who travel on it so— it is "deplorably bad."

In the county of Kerry *starvation* is not found good for the cows—it *deforms* them; and, if carried to any great length, I was informed, they would die! a treatment opposed to this, is said to have a different effect—it produces "good symmetry," even in a cow, which animal, according to the idea that passion is always represented by acute angles, should not be so passive and gentle as folks think. This deserves the fullest consideration of the professors of *vaccination!* When they have any thing to eat, (not otherwise) they yield "sixteen quarts of milk at the *two milkings.*"

Note for *my pocket book.*—Perhaps I am wrong here:—according to a paper read at the Arts and Sciences, the cows are milked *three* times a day in Ireland, as well as in Germany. The writer recommended the practice in England, and stated

that, by these means, two cows could yield as much in two days, as three according to the old mode: for he contended, and said it was proved by experience, that the cows milk is collected in her udder, during the day, every four hours, and if you miss one of these periodical returns, the milk passes off, through other channels, and in four hours after you obtain no additional quantity.

Dr. Priestly, Mr. Whitelaw, and Sir William Petty, on agriculture and population, must give me a lift here. Heaven has been very bountiful to Ireland, but her bounties have been little "tasted by those for whom *they were destined.*" —Who has swallowed them all I can't say, but this passage will be sufficient to shew that I am not a *predestinarian.*

MEMS. FOR CAP. XVIII.

" CAUSES of *population*,"—state them all, but be delicate. Point out how the Irish " population will double :"—the women will pray for you, and the men will take it as a compliment. Montesquieu calls population, une immense *manu*facture, which affords me great pleasure, since it rescues an *Irishman*, Sir Callaghan O' Brallaghan, from a bull, when he says that his great grandfather went over from Carrickfergus, one day, and peopled all Scotland with his own *hands*.

I helped a man " to remount his barrels of butter :" he repaid me in *wit*, the only ready coin they have.—" Ah said he, may your honour live long, very long."

Having left " my intelligent companion" at Mill-street, I met at ten mile-house " an *intelligent* Irish girl, who relieved the dreariness of the road by talking and singing Irish," and this intelligent syren was as intelligible to me as if my ears had been stopt with wax. At *Blarney Castle* there is a stone, which has, it is said, the virtue " of making those for ever happy *who touch it.*" *This is Blarney.*

Cork. " Handsome houses, society refined and elegant." Praise the soldiers again.—In a *march* they beat the English *one mile out of four.* Which can *run* fastest has never been ascertained, and I hope it never will!

At Cork I made porter " one of the earliest objects of my inquiry," and learn that a Frenchman once called it ' *La creme de Londres,*'—which I at first thought pretty, but on consideration I was of opinion that it was but *a milk and water* sort of compliment to call any liquor *London cream.* Go into the porter trade, and without being able to gather aught certain about it, make your own calculations, and expose the whole.—*Heaviness* on this subject will be excused.

" Notes" (notes of exclamation I suppose) " called shop-keepers' I O's are entirely abo-

lished." Praise the Roman Catholics "with uncommon satisfaction."

In the course of my rambles, "I rambled into a court of justice, and found the same merry noise and confusion prevailed here as at Killarney." In fact it was all *botheration*.

Private Note.—Apropos of this word—its derivation is not commonly known. It was first used by a serjent, who, suffering from the *facetious volubility and acute sensibility* of two low Irishmen, one at each ear, cried, don't *both-ear* me so—hence the verb *to bother*.

"*More drollery!!*"—At the Quarter Sessions here, "I found *perjury*, if it had any thing of *humour* in it, seemed to be stript of *all its culpability*."

"I met the mayor in the shambles with a cocked hat and gold chain."—At the fairs the women are *not permitted to wear red cloaks*, because they look so frightful in them, that one once *frightened a whole herd of oxen* by her appearance, and caused the demolition of *a park wall*.—This "a gentleman of great respectability assured me *was true!*"

MEMS. FOR CAP. XIX.

KEEP moving.—" I set off for Kilkenny." " Walking up one of the hills of Tipperary," I learnt that the inside of the farmers' pockets here are better than the out.—He's rich, said a *figurative wit* of one, " but I would not nail up a peach tree with his breeches."

The annual theatricals took place while I was at Kilkenny. The motto over the stage is, " Whilst we smile, we sooth affliction."—The meaning of this is, that they amuse themselves for the sake of charity; as thus—The performers are gentlemen; the receipt is sometimes, " one hundred and forty pounds a night;" they play about a month; and the amount, left in charity, is " *two hundred pounds!*"—" Lord Mountjoy appeared one night in a dress valued at eight thousand pounds."

Private Note.—If his lordship now had left his *trappings*, there would have been something in it!

Public.—This was too much for my sensibility.—I wrote eight stanzas of long verses on the tender occasion.—I could not do less!

Private.—How the lords and ladies, and gentry players, will like the first two lines of my sixth stanza, I don't know.—

> "*Blest be the reas'ning mind,* the social zeal,
> "*That here bids* FOLLY *from the stage retire.*"

Black Abbey. "The windows of the Black Abbey are very curious"—that's enough, don't say why.

Kilkenny coal makes no smoke.—Now tell the old story that sea-coal was first tried in London in the reign of Edward I. and prohibited, because the vapour was thought prejudicial to health. You may as well add that this same Edward the first was surnamed *Longshanks*, and that he ought to have been ashamed of himself to do homage to Philip, or any other King of France, when he was so well provided, by nature, with the means of running away!

"*Humour* of chaise-drivers."—Our "*off* horse," that's not the *near* one—any jockey will

tell you what I mean—he, I say, was vicious, and kicked, upon which my driver good humouredly beat him soundly to make him "aisy." Here I can say that *blows*, to make a horse or any body else *aisy*, are as much lost "as, in Frederick the Great's opinion, misfortunes are upon Frenchmen." Ostlers are *witty* too.—When your chaise is ready the first boy that is seen going along the road is kidnapped, and made your post-boy.—Of course, if you can't get a stray boy, you must stay for ever—but in Ireland they get boys fast enough. Well, then comes the wit, that is the ostler, and asks you for something "for having put the little lump of a boy on the outside of the horse"

Private Note. Perhaps it would be better to leave out the word *get*, as it stands above, lest it should meet with the same unfortunate interpretation, which it experienced on a certain occasion. When Harry the VIIIth. was produced at convent-Garden theatre, it was necessary, at the baptism to have a child, and a doll was made to answer the purpose.—On Mr. *Kemble's* seeing it, however, he disapproved of it, and said to Mrs. Egan—"*Why, now this won't do—I wish, Mrs. Egan, I wish I could get a live child.*"—

Mrs. E. dropt him a courtesy, and, rather hastily, replied—"*I wish you could, Sir!*"

The Irish mares are *bashful*.—Ye ladies who are, through the love of variety, fond of *dumb* creatures, take example!

At Athy, on the river Barrow, I took the canal boat for Dublin; forty-two miles.—When the *horse starts* you "*slip through* the water in the most delightful manner imaginable."—This is in Ireland.—In England nothing can be so tedious as being towed by a horse on a canal. Set off "precisely as the clock struck one,"—don't say what one: went "four miles an hour,"—*dined*—and got through "*our liquid road*" by ten o'clock, A. M." "If the objects which I had in view had not been so *powerful*," (potent charms) "I *verily* think I should have"—No, you can't guess—"have spent the rest of my time, in Ireland, in *the Athy Canal-boat*."—How much the reader is obliged to me!

Upon my return from the south, "I was introduced to the Countess of Moira,"—on account, I suppose, of her being "the patroness of *genius* and *learning*." Praise her and Lady Charlotte Rawdon, and Lady Granard, with a hint that you would also praise her *lord*, if you could but get an opportunity. Old and young, male and female, ugly or pretty, they all love flattery, that great subduer of human hearts.

Private Note—

"Lay it on thick,
"And some will stick."

At Moira house I became one of the *Illuminati*. The "wit of Curran, like the electric fluid, *illuminates* whatever it touches." It touched me frequently. Here I also met the Rev. H. Boyd, the translator of Dante.—Call his translation "highly *poetical*,"—that is not in character—but he thinks so; that's enough. At Moira house is an "ancient bell:"—wring a story out of it.

Visited Mr. Cooper Walker, at St. Valori, which "is a beautiful spot,"—but St. Valori, it seems, cannot help it—"how can it be otherwise!" Mr. Walker deserves a little praise—give him a good deal. You ought indeed to make some verses on him.—If you can't, quote four stanzas from Dermody.

On a little "*sugar loaf*" mountain, behind the entrance of the Dargle, is an English settlement: "they have destroyed *every trace* of the Irish language, and left nothing but the *brogue* behind." Query though—Is not the *brogue* a *trace* of the *Irish* language?

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Visited Mr. Cooper Walker, at St. Valori, which "is a beautiful spot,"—but St. Valori, it seems, cannot help it—"how can it be otherwise!" Mr. Walker deserves a little praise; give him a good deal. You ought indeed to make some verses on him.—If you can't, quote four stanzas from Dermody.

On a little "*sugar loaf*" mountain, behind the entrance of the Dargle, is an English settlement: "they have destroyed *every trace* of the Irish language, and left nothing but the *brogue* behind." Query though—Is not the *brogue* a *trace* of the *Irish* language?

The Irish mares are *bashful*.—Ye ladies who are, through the love of variety, fond of *dumb* creatures, take example!

At Athy, on the river Barrow, I took the canal boat for Dublin; forty-two miles.—When the *horse starts* you "*slip through* the water in the most delightful manner imaginable."—This is in Ireland.—In England nothing can be so tedious as being towed by a horse on a canal. Set off "precisely as the clock struck one,"—don't say what one: went "four miles an hour,"—*dined* —and got through "*our liquid road*" by ten o'clock, A. M." "If the objects which I had in view had not been so *powerful*," (potent charms) "I *verily* think I should have"—No, you can't guess—"have spent the rest of my time, in Ireland, in *the Athy Canal-boat*."—How much the reader is obliged to me!

Upon my return from the south, "I was introduced to the Countess of Moira,"—on account, I suppose, of her being "the patroness of *genius* and *learning*." Praise her and Lady Charlotte Rawdon, and Lady Granard, with a hint that you would also praise her *lord*, if you could but get an opportunity. Old and young, male and female, ugly or pretty, they all love flattery, that great subduer of human hearts.

Private Note—

"Lay it on thick,
"And some will stick."

At Moira house I became one of the *Illuminati.* The "wit of Curran, like the electric fluid, *illuminates* whatever it touches." It touched me frequently. Here I also met the Rev. H. Boyd, the translator of Dante.—Call his translation "highly *poetical*,"—that is not its character—but he thinks so; that's enough. At Moira house is an "ancient bell:"—wring a story out of it.

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" To return to *Joe.*" " The conversation
Valori, amongst many *interesting* subject
viewed the native promptitude of the low I
" How far, my good friend," said a puzzle
bog-cutter, " is it from Mullingar to Mic
mas?—As far," said the fellow, " as
Whitsuntide to the ace of spades!" T
heard from Mr. Walker.—He *smiled* when
it down in *my pocket-book*, to compose pa
my *tour!* After this half a dozen pages c
tracts from Dean Kirwan's *sermons* will a
with infinite consistency.

Private Note. " Be not so *holy*-cruel." S
speare.

MEMS. FOR CAP. XX.

" UPON quitting St. Valori, I paid a visit to that great man, Grattan," at Tinnahinch. *He conducted me* through the beautiful grounds. *The winding river fertilizing meadows*, reminded me of *his eloquence;* the *cloud-capt scalp* of *the force of his roused philippic*.—you must make this out when you've time! Descant on his harangues on the right of England to change the government of Ireland.—The best of this story is, he got *fifty thousand pounds* for *one* of these speeches *alone!*—how much he had for the rest I can't say.

" *I am sure I have no right*"—(under these circumstances you may say any thing!)—" to assert that Grattan is the author of Junius's letters; but Grattan has the *very soul* of that immortal writer."

Private Note. The reader's attention must here be called, to observe that this is a transmigration of a new sort; for, granting they were both alive at the same time, they must have had between them only one soul, and that a *transferable* one, of uncommonly quick transmigratory qualities. However, this is perhaps not so rare a thing as may at first appear.—Many have probably only one soul between them; and that accounts for our often finding it absent in men, whom we then most aptly style—poor devils, *without soul.*

"To return to *Joe*" will do no longer; therefore, having almost run the length of my own line, and yet not satisfied my conscience with regard to *quantity*, I may as well slip in *ten* pages of good things uttered by Grattan in his speeches. This will also serve to shew that *wit* is not peculiar to the *low Irish.* Put heads to the extracts from him:—they assist to explain what I am about in my *chapters*, and they may do him the same service.

MEMS. FOR CAP. XXI.

I left "the hospitable roof" of Tinnahinch "with real regret."

Private Note. All my former parting-regrets were mere sham. The last chapter, I think, sufficiently pays for the *hospitality* I experienced.

Powers-court House. I had an "*invitation* from his lordship to spend some days at the castle."—His lady is indeed an "*amiable lady*," and so is the castle.—It "stands in the *proudest* situation."

On my return to Dublin it was Michaelmas Term. I visited the courts of law, and I must say that, however the people in Ireland may complain of *Justice*, she has no right to complain of them; for she "has not such a temple in any other country." "The juries are prevented from having any communication with

the public; a very necessary caution, which *is not practised in England.*"—What a neglect! I need not tell an Englishman, that, after a jury is empannelled in England, the jurors talk to any body they like!!

The building is so grand, that, "if there were a bridge,"—O! "if there were a bridge from the opposite side"—but no matter—there is none, and it is too close "upon a line with the street." No *fault of the architect;* the gentlemen behind would not move an inch. "Still it is not so objectionably placed as the front of Somerset-House towards the Strand." Indeed they have always the advantage of us!

Promise specimens of Curran's style of eloquence. Mr. Ponsonby, now *lord high chancellor*, is *remarkable* for "*irony.*" Mr. Plunket, the *attorney general*, for *humour*. Mr. Bushe, solicitor general, for *serious* oratory.

N. B. The only *serious* Irishman I met with.

Quote what you heard Mr. Stewart say in court, and add, that you would have quoted more, if you had heard more.

Seem not to like "the *solemnity* of an En-

glish court of law." It is exceedingly absurd. How much more decorous and proper the "*good humour and familiarity*" of Irish courts. "A judge feels it no degradation" to chat with an attorney, who turns about, and is most condescendingly familiar with his counsel. Whether the word *huggery* is known amongst them, I did not inquire. But can there be any thing more agreeable than this scene? It has all the effect of Lear's remark—It is the true "*handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief!*"

A counsel here can practice in the four courts, Chancery, King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer—profitable privilege! Hence you are obliged to retain more than one in your cause, lest it should be called on while your counsel is defending somebody else in a different court—a pleasing confusion, of Irish origin! The *luminous* Curran is, of course, perpetually in the crier's mouth, and it is often the desire of his clients "to take him, and cut him out in little *stars*," that he might shine in all four places at once. It seems that he has the power of eluding search by changing his shape. In common he is very unlike *Flora*, or any one of the *Rosy Hours*, yet he is sometimes *found scattering flowers* over the "barren soil" of chancery. Query.—Why *barren?* Would I had the *fee* simple!

Lord Avondale, chief baron of the Exchequer. His anticipation of what you were about to say. Here this *new* anecdote, as an instance. A lawyer, to shew the evil of his anticipating, once observed, in his presence—Coming through the market just now, I saw a butcher, with his knife, going to kill a calf:—at that moment a child ran across him, and, O my God, he killed—"the child!" exclaimed his lordship—"No, my lord, the *calf;* but you will always *anticipate.*"

More *brilliant* extracts from Curran. Give *seven* pages, and say that the "reader will *scarcely require* to be told that they are SOLELY introduced to exhibit the style of eloquence of the orator;"—*solely*—remember to use that word, lest the more obvious reason should flash upon him.

"CHARACTER OF COMMON IRISH.

The people of our island are, by nature, *penetrating, sagacious, artful, and comic.*"—Curran.

Artful! That must be a mistake. What native, gentle, paradisiacal *simplicity* I discover in them. *Comic* if you will; but how came he to leave out their *wit*, and their other great virtue?—Who has not found them

" Genio faustos, gurgite fortes.

Witty wags, and *lusty drinkers!*"

Barnaby.

The rumour that the *foundation* of the four courts has given away, is *unfounded.* I investigated this matter myself. The foundation is in water; but, as it is the business of justice to hang, and not to drown, she is in no danger. When the Liffey overflowed, in 1803, the area of the hall, by a change, never before made, by water, in Ireland, became a complete "*Roman* bath." The poor barbers, underground, who sell those

" Mighty bits of hair,
That doctors, lawyers, and no lawyers wear,"

were sadly soused, and their wigs, "for want of the heads, to which most of them belonged, were soon *out of their depth.*" Query—Will they take this as a compliment? I mean it for one, but does not it seem as if I said that the want of the *light empty head* of the lawyer was the cause of the wig's *sinking?*

MEMS. FOR CAP. XXII.

I do repeat that I am a very good-natured fellow, and far more liked than disliked in most companies, but I certainly have one *bad habit*, which is that of discovering the perpetual motion, the moment a pen is put between my fore-finger and thumb. Good nature, like charity, should cover a number of frailties. Mine always exhibits itself, I confess, in a thumping shape, but let your maxim be to "forget and forgive." With respect to myself, if you'll do the latter, I am tolerably sure of the former! It has been said that to writing, as well as reading, there is no end. The first I am about to disprove; but, as for the last, I hope it's true.

The custom-house.—According to custom describe it with all the parade of architectural knowledge, or what you please to call it. Distillery.—Whisky, distilled from raw oats, is fortified by

the agreeable addition of aqua fortis or vitriol. If you could get rats to drink it, you would have no need of a rat-catcher. But, alas, they are too fond of it, to put it to any useful purpose! The number of shops, where this liquor is sold "*is truly shockingly great.*"—There is this in its favour, that if you die through whisky, drunk in a particular shop, the keeper of it gives you "*a gratuitous funeral,*" than which nothing can be more handsome. Seriously though—as the revenue is the principal consideration with government, I advise that whisky be abolished, and "a tax laid on coffins;" previously "innoculating the people with the plague."

The *Irish Foundling Hospital* is of course, "*enormous.*" They have overdone it however, for it would hold so many thousand children, that they have been obliged to have recourse to their neighbours to keep it tolerably occupied. The Scotch suffer their children to be "*smuggled over*" for the purpose.

Describe the charities of the Sister Kingdom, and don't forget that of the skies to yourself. "During my stay in Ireland I was remarkably fortunate in the weather."

"*In the evening* I was at the theatre"—they never go in the morning. These Irish are so

droll! they are not content with their native turn," but they are "full of even *Gallic* gaiety and good humour."— Give some instances.—During the singing of "*pit a pat*," in Blue Beard, "a fellow roared out, Arrah by my shoul! then my honey down with *Pitt*, and up with pat." This "pit a pat" is "silly," but I rejoice that it was written for the sake of the *wit* it produced. Why there are "so very few Irish dramatic writers," seeing the superabundant wit and humour of the low Irish, "is a matter of surprise"—unless indeed we recollect that they can't *write*.

"Upon visiting the Hibernian school for soldier's children, I was surprised to find that *the boys* are not allowed to go into the army."—The girls often do, probably without asking leave.

"After a very *interesting* tour in the north," of which I shall, to deserve the reader's thanks, say nothing more, "I returned to Dublin, and prepared, *with regret*, to quit a country, which *delighted and astonished me* with its *richness* and *genius!*" But especially was I pleased with its *courtesies* to me. These are things one can't forget. My gratitude has, I trust, been apparent.—Has not my language, in consequence, been "braided and festooned" for their service, and my store-house of *patches and feathers, of the correctest phraseological millinery*, exhausted to adorn them?

As I always carry *my pocket book* in my breeches pocket, I may say that I returned to Dublin like a bee with thighs loaded with honey —the honey of rare, and, never before heard of, anecdote and knowledge; when—

"Hisce dixi longum vale,
Solum repetens natale.

Taking leave of *mountains* many,
To my native country came I."
Barnaby.

Let the last words of my last chapter be, "I was disappointed only in one instance: I quitted Ireland without hearing *one* bull." A more important conclusion, or one more consistent with the beginning and middle of my work, could not have been hit upon. That I neither saw such things, nor heard such things, as other travellers have, is easily accounted for. They found that I was a "*stranger* in Ireland," and were constantly on their good behaviour.

From my not having heard "*one bull*" there, I I am convinced that the Irish never make them at home, and only in England for the purpose of rendering themselves agreeable to *John Bull.*

After your last chapter as you are writing an *Irish* tour, it will be necessary to add another, un-

der the title of *General Remarks*. These you may pick up any where. Again let Ireland be "quitted with regret," and end, at length, in real earnest, with a scrap from Horace—perhaps this will do for the *present*—

"*Longæ finis chartæque viæque.*"

This journey long in little ended,
Is for a "*d—square book*" intended.

FINIS.